

# THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION

[IS RESERVED]

No. 655.—VOL. XXVI.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]



[WINE AND BEAUTY.]

## HE LOVES ME: HE LOVES ME NOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Maurice Durant," "Fickle Fortune," "The Gipsy Peer," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XVII.

With one sweep did common sense,  
The great iconoclast, tear down  
The veil!

AFTER the storm of applause which followed Herr Wilhelm's announcement that the lady who had caused such astonishment and delight would not sing again had subsided, the brilliant audience rose to depart, amidst an excitement which partly sprang from surprise and curiosity.

That excitement seemed to be transferred to the tasteful drawing-rooms of Miss Armitage, where a small number of friends and acquaintances had resorted for some supper, and a little music—and a little play.

Edgar Raven, uneasy still, chafed though he had been by the singer's voice out of himself, had accepted, and he and Terence Vane went from Larbrook House to Cavendish Square in the same brougham.

Preoccupied as he was, Edgar could not but notice the suppressed excitement evident in the boy's manner and speech, and as they entered Miss Armitage's hospitable door he said:

"You don't look the thing, Mr. Vane. If I were a medical man I should recommend bed, instead of supper and tea."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Raven," said Terry, "I am all right. I am hot, that's all," he added, hurriedly, and as soon as they had gained the drawing-room he left Edgar and was soon by Selina Armitage's side.

The room was full of the great concert and the new and mysterious debutante, and when Lord Ellsmere

sauntered in and made his polite bow to Miss Armitage he was pressed with eager questions as to who she was.

"Eh?" he drawled. "Oh, yes, I know her. She's the daughter of a small greengrocer, and Herr Wilhelm, like a sly old fox, has had her in training for some years, and brought her out suddenly to steal a march on us. Fine voice, Mr. Raven, didn't you think?"

"I did indeed," said Edgar, absently, for even now the tones of that voice were clinging round his heart. "I have never heard a sweeter."

"Not even Miss Temple's?" said a soft voice at his elbow, and turning, he saw that Selina Armitage had glided up.

"No," he said, after a minute's pause, "not sweeter. I like her voice as well, I think, quite as well as the young lady's we heard to-night."

"So do I," said Miss Armitage. "Oh, by the way, we have seen very little of Madame Leclaire and Miss Temple lately; I hope Miss Temple doesn't mean to cut us."

"I should think that Miss Temple was not the sort of lady to cut any one," said Edgar.

"Have you seen much of them lately?" asked Selina Armitage, and her face flushed half-eagerly.

"No," returned Edgar, "not lately."

A sigh of relief just escaped her lips, and her face changed to a soft anxiety as she said:

"They are going to cards, I think, Mr. Raven, you will not play to-night, shall you?"

"I think so," he said, "if I am wanted."

She half stretched out her hand to lay it on his arm, and a supplicating, eager, nervous expression crossed her face, as if she were going to beg him not to do so, but at that moment Lord Ellsmere came up, and, with the utmost politeness, said:

"They are asking if we shall be permitted any cards to-night, Miss Armitage; it is late—"

"Oh, not too late, if you would like it," she said, with an unnatural smile; and Lord Ellsmere, bowing, drew Edgar Raven's arm within his own.

"Come along, then, Mr. Raven; we can't go to

bed yet with that voice in our ears and we must do something to forget it."

Edgar, ready to fly to anything for an escape from that wistful weariness which fell on him when Valeria Temple was not near, dropped into his seat.

There were Howard, Terence Vane, and several new and young men.

The cards were all ready, and Terence Vane was nervously fidgeting with them, while his eyes wandered towards the other room, where Selina Armitage was gliding about, persuading a timid young lady to the piano.

Play commenced. Edgar was absent-minded, and cared, as usual, very little whether he won or lost; Terence Vane played well until, at a secret signal from Lord Ellsmere, Miss Armitage came gliding in, and poured out a glass of wine for Terence Vane.

She leant over his chair as she gave it him, and smiled into his face with that soft, seductive smile which had already worked such havoc with the boy.

Then, as silently, but with an expressive gesture, she glided away again; but she had done enough to serve Lord Ellsmere's purpose.

Terence Vane's eyes wandered to the curtained opening every moment, and he played wildly. Then Edgar rose. The luck had been going against him for some time, and he had suddenly awakened to the fact that it was long past midnight, and that he was wearied to death by the chatter, the music, and the cards.

As he rose to take his departure quietly, Miss Armitage stood by his side, her fan in her hand, her smile on her face.

"Going so soon?" she said.

"It is late, and I must beg you to excuse me. I am sorry to go," said Edgar.

"Sorry," she said, and once more the singular pallor spread over her face. "Come, Mr. Raven, you cannot deceive a lady's eyes. You are glad. Have you lost?"

"I am sure I don't know. Yes," he said, "I think so."

"Then I am glad you should go," she said, and there was a terrible, earnest warning in her voice, if he could but have understood.

"That is candid but unflattering," he said, bowing over her hand. "Good night," he added, with his frank, grave smile.

"Good night," she said, softly; and she held his hand for a moment longer, then dropped it.

As he turned he heard her voice, low and agitated, pronounce his name.

They were standing on the threshold of the hall, out of sight of the others, for a moment.

He turned to her with some surprise to find her hand on his arm and her eyes fixed wildly on his.

"Mr. Haven, if I were only brave—if I could tell you—oh, Heaven! if I could tell you!"

He stared for a moment, thinking she was hysterical, then he laid his strong white hand on hers with a kindly touch.

"Have you anything to tell me?" he said, gently. At his touch a thrill of mingled pleasure and pain ran through the miserable woman's frame.

"Yes," she breathed, "yes!"

Then a footstep was heard behind them, and her manner changed with abrupt, almost fearful rapidity.

"I hope you will be careful, I do indeed. The room is so warm and it is so dangerous in the night air. Good night."

And before he could utter a word she had smiled and turned away to the person who had interrupted them.

"What can it mean?" murmured Edgar, as he descended the stairs. "I cannot understand it. I feel a confused sense of some mystery, some subtle by-play. But, there, I am in no humour for puzzles to-night."

And, thrusting all thoughts of Miss Armitage from him, he strode out into the night and towards that quiet corner where Valentin Temple lived.

"I shall see a light in her window, perhaps, has I am! Am I really in love?" shadow on the blind? Oh, what an idiot, what an idiot!

One by one the ladies and gentlemen in the first drawing-room vanished, and only the little group in the card-room was left, that thinned gradually, and at last, how Terence could not have told, he found himself sitting with a dice-box in his hand, Lord Ellmere opposite him and the fair, false woman, with whom he was weaker than packthread, by his side.

Wine was on the table, and every now and then she would raise her white hand and fill his glass; sometimes she would hold the box, and her hand would touch Terence Vane's and seem to cling to them.

The blood grew hotter within him, his brain whirled, his heart danced madly to the rhythm of her soft voice in his ear, he knew not what he was doing; every now and then the dice fell, and Lord Ellmere's laugh or drawing voice broke across his surging brain; then, playing still, drinking still, he found himself talking to the beautiful girl by his side, talking madly, wildly, telling her how he loved her, asking her to be his wife. In the midst of it he was conscious of writing and signing his name to some document, he knew not what, he cared not what, while her hand held the paper and her voice chimed in his ear!

Then Lord Ellmere rose suddenly, with an exclamation. It was late! Nearly dawn! They must go.

Terence rose, and, half-dazed, staggered from the room, conscious of nothing save that the sweet voice had promised to be his wife!

He shook hands with Lord Ellmere, and, kissed with a passionate devotion the white hand which had betrayed him, then found himself out in the rain, looking up to the dark heavens and murmuring hoarsely:

"She loves me! She loves me!"

The rain chilled and numbed him. He missed his coat and remembered that he had left it on a side table.

Staggering still, he made his way upstairs and was about to enter the room when he heard his name spoken.

Yes, his name, and by the voice of the woman he so madly loved.

"Are you satisfied?" said the voice, sounding strangely hard and cold and weary. "Have you ruined him quite? Have I done with him? I warn you that there is a limit to even my endurance, Lord Ellmere; that my soul has loathed its task of deception, and that a dozen times as the poor, weak, foolish boy poured his mad vows in my ear I was tempted to turn and betray you! Poor boy, but for the contempt I have for a fool, young or old, I would have spared him—ay, even in your teeth;

but no, Terence Vane is but another to the list of victims—let him go!"

Then there followed a laugh of despair, echoed by a cruel one of mockery, which sobered the boy as by a miracle and turned him to stone!

The unhappy boy placed one hand to his burning forehead and strained all his faculties to learn the whole bitter truth, for there was more to come.

"Yes," said Lord Ellmere's soft voice, with a sardonic laugh. "I'll give you credit where it's due; you played the young idiot well, Selina! admirably. By Jove, I never saw a youngster more deeply cut, and to-night was the climax! 'Pon my word, I think he was mad!"

"Mad! It is I who am mad with the degradation of it all and the self-scorn!" retorted the feverish voice of Selina Armitage, sounding strange and bitter and very different to the soft, cooing one he had heard a while ago. "What cause have I to hate men!" she continued, and the listener knew that she was pacing the floor with quick, uneven steps. "What cause! When the most I meet are idiots, and the one I see oftenest is a villain and a rogue!"

"Gently, my dear Selina!" said Lord Ellmere, with an amused laugh. "You are rather personal; you forget that the accomplices of that sort of individual share the blame. But I forgive you; naturally you are suffering agonies of remorse for leading that poor young Vane to ruin!"

"Remorse! Why should I?" she returned, bitterly. "I am not free, I am your slave, I do as my master bids me! Remorse! I have none. He is not worth it; for a man—or a weak, conceited boy—who could deceive himself into thinking he loved me, must be a headless idiot and not worth a moment's consideration. Remorse! Well, it serves him right; I care not! I am full of contempt for him, for myself. Let me see him now, for I am sick of him—all of all the world!" and the listener could hear that she had thrown herself on to the couch.

"You are strangely out of form lately, my dear Selina," said Lord Ellmere's mocking, gallous voice. "I cannot understand the reason of it. Did I not know that you would not be guilty of the tender passion, I should think—well, well, as to our young friend and idiot, Vane, you will not see him any more, I think. He's cleaned out, every debt, and I hold him a good deal for a large sum. You know what a gambler he is, I suppose? No? Well, it is a document promising to me a certain sum upon the death of his uncle, when Master Terry of course comes into possession of the estate. By Jove, he'd better not let Sir Henry Vane hear of it, or there'd be mischief! The old man is the wrong sort to stand post-obits, documents counting on his death! Moreover, it will be useful to hold over Master Terry's head. And now I think I'll say 'good night,' my dear Selina—What does that pretty, old-fashioned song say about the blacksmith."

"Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose!"

"Hah! hah! you're done, Master Terry Vane—and that confounded, impertinent interfering Nugent too! Good night," and, with another sardonic laugh, he took up his hat.

Terence Vane waited to hear no more.

His cup of misery was full, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he saw what an idiot and doer he had been, and into what a den of thieves he had fallen.

What should he do?

For the moment he was tempted to remain and confront Lord Ellmere, the noble gentleman who had robbed him; but a feeling of shame and utter self-contempt, and a dread that his folly might become known if he made any disturbance drove him away.

Forgetting the coat which had been the cause of his return, he dashed noisily down the stairs and into the street.

It was raining hard and blowing cold and chill.

Once in the street the full sense of his past wretchedness and his present misery came full upon him like a blow.

He looked with wild eyes to right and left of him, dreading to remain yet not knowing where to go.

His cousin Nugent was expected home that morning—for it was morning now—and he shrank from meeting him; for he felt instinctively that Willie's clear, keen eyes would penetrate to his soul, and he fancied he could see the look of contempt which would come into them when they had read him through and through.

No, he could not go to the chambers which he shared with his cousin, and he was too wretched to face the smoking-rooms of the club, perhaps, too, to meet Lord Ellmere there.

Uncertain, distracted by remorse and self-reproach

by the thoughts of that kind old gentleman, his uncle, whom he had deceived and upon whose death he had traded, he turned to the left and strode rapidly and rashly to the Strand.

He walked on and on, his head bent, his face white yet burning hot, and his brain in a whirl.

Oh, how he had loved that woman! What pure, good angel he had thought her! He had worshipped her with the devotion of a heathen for his favourite goddess, and now—bitter thought—he had been deceived, lured to destruction by her, she was a vile adventuress, the tool and slave of a knave!

The thought maddened him, and he stared at the sky—which had now cleared and was full of stars—as if he would call down Heaven to avenge him!

He gained the top of the Strand, and turned towards Westminster Bridge.

It was blowing colder now that the rain had ceased, and a chilly shudder shook him from head to foot, while his brain burnt and whirled.

Possibly, in debt, dishonoured and deceived! What use was life to him? On the morrow he would be the laughing-stock of the world. Now, he would have to meet that proud old man and tell him all! No? never! He could not!

He reached Westminster Bridge, and stopped suddenly.

How still it was! How the water rushed through the arches with a dash, grim, morbidness. If one were at the bottom of that awful stream there would be peace, rest, forgetfulness, and an end to self-reproach and shame.

He drew near to the parapet and looked down into the dark, rushing water with cold, asking eyes, as many a miserable wretch has done before him, and many a miserable wretch will do after.

Yet! Life was not worth having. All was deceit and shameful weakness! He would end it all! Escape at once the horror of meeting his uncle's reproaches and Willie's contempt! The temptation had solemnly sunk into his brain before he had yielded to it.

Opening his collar and feeling his well-formed throat, he sprang on to the parapet and, closing his eyes, was about to spring into the darkness beneath him, when a suppressed scream of horror and alarm rang out behind him and a pair of small but strong hands fastened on his arm.

The mad boy turned round wildly and struggled to free himself from the fattering clasp, but his strength had been waning, and he fell over on the parapet, dragging a slight, girlish frame with him.

By the light of the stars, was gazing the two—sinner and rescuer—looked so each other.

Terence Vane saw a girl's face, slightly flushed and with a pair of alarmed and pitying eyes, looking down into his; then the face swam before him and he fainted.

"Oh, my!" breathed the girl, losing her hold, which she had until then retained, as if she feared the youth would endeavour to make a second attempt at suicide. "Oh, dear me, he's fainted! Father! father! how slow you are! Come! Quick!"

"All right, Elfy! I'm coming!" gasped an old gentleman, and Mr. Poppelchick ran up, quite out of breath, and almost out of wits as well. "Bless my heart and body, Elfy, what's the matter? What made you run off like that, as if you'd been scared out of your senses? Why—Oh, dear, my heart, what's that there? You haven't been committing murder, Elfy? Oh, dear!" And Mr. Poppelchick stared down at the limp form of the youth with terrified dismay.

"Murder! No, father! Don't be ridiculous, there's a dear! Didn't you see, father? Ah, I'm quicker-eyed than you, dear, and I saw him standing on the edge of the bridge with his arms up! I know he meant to jump over and kill himself, and I never thought I should get to him in time. But I ran, father, and he happened to stop a moment—half-frightened at the last moment, poor young gentleman!—and so—so—," and here Elfy suddenly broke down and into a short, sharp burst of tears.

Poor child! She thought more of saving a life than foolish young Terry had of taking one!

The tears were very brief, however, for when a woman-child has work to do for another living creature she is sparing of emotion, and Elfy was soon practical again.

"See, father, he has fainted. He's very ill, I know, for his head and face are hot, and his hands quite cold. If we could only get him home!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Poppelchick, utterly bewildered and trying hard not to appear so. "If we could only get him home. I don't see a cab, and I'm afraid I couldn't carry him, like Rolia, you know, in 'Pizarro.' And if I could the police would interfere—they always interfere now."

"I have it, father! You run down to the end of the bridge and fetch a cab—you will be sure to find one, and I'll stop here."

"Hum! yes," said Mr. Popplechick, who perhaps thought that he had had enough running that night. "Don't you think it would be better to call a policeman and have him taken to a nice, comfortable, warm cell, my dear?"

"Father!" exclaimed Elfy, reproachfully. "Oh, don't say that! Poor young gentleman! He didn't mean it, I'm sure he didn't. He must have been so unhappy to think of doing that! Oh, father!" and the tears welled into the eyes which were now as gentle and tender as they were generally elfish and twinkling.

"There, there!" said Mr. Popplechick, hastily, "I'll go. Don't take on again, Elfy! I'll fetch a cab, and you do what you like with him, my dear," and he toddled off at the nearest approach to a run which he could command.

Scarcely had he gone than Terence opened his eyes, and after a moment's expression of pain there came to them a gleam of surprise, perhaps at the wonderment that he was not dreaming, and that there was really a young, tender, and beautiful face above him, and not a vision, as he had supposed.

"Where am I?—who are you?" were his first questions, as he shudderingly pulled himself together and rose to his knees.

To his knees only, and he would not have kept them much upright but for Elfy, who caught him to her as he staggered forward.

With his head on her bosom he repeated the question, more gently, and with a new sense of safety and consolation.

"You are out in the streets," said Elfy, avoiding all mention of the dreadful bridge, "and very ill, I am afraid. Do you feel ill?"

Terence shook his head.

"No, only cold and hot, hot and cold, and weak. I wonder why I can't stand and what's the matter with me?"

"You are weak and ill," said Elfy, softly, drawing her warm shawl around him and unconsciously pressing him, like a child, closer to her.

Terence pushed the shawl from him and tried to rise.

"No! no!" he said. "You must not do that! You will be cold yourself. You have been very kind. Ah! I remember!" And as the remembrance of his attempted crime rushed upon him he shuddered and lowered his eyes from her gentle, pitying ones.

"I remember! What an awful night! You will catch your death of cold. Please go and leave me here! You need not be afraid, I shall not—"

"Hush!" said Elfy. "Don't think of that! I shall not leave you—no, not for a minute. My father will be here directly; he has gone to fetch a cab."

"Your father?" said Terence. "I did not see any one but you. You saved me?" he added, quickly, as if he would rather no one but she had done it.

"Yes; do not talk of it," said Elfy. "How hot your face is, and yet you are shivering. Oh, do let me put the shawl round you! I am quite warmly wrapped up, and you have no coat on!" and she firmly but gently insisted upon wrapping a part of the shawl round him as he knelt.

"No overcoat!" he repeated. "No! I remember! Oh, my girl! I almost wish you had left me alone! I am an idiot, and a worthless young idiot—"

"Hush!" said Elfy. "You must not talk like that; you must be quiet. Oh, where can father have gone?"

"You have not told me your name," said Terence, faintly, his head still pillowed on her bosom and his eyes drinking in the tenderness of her sweet young face.

"My name is Elfy," she replied, "and I have been to meet father at the theatre—Astley's, over the bridge there—and I am so glad I went to-night!" she added, so unconsciously and yet so devoutly that Terence's face flushed and his eyes drooped.

He felt as if he were standing under an angel's wings instead of the half of a young girl's woollen shawl.

"Is your father an actor?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No, a costumer," said Elfy; "a very clever costumer too. Oh, I wish he could run quicker. I ought to have gone myself, of course. How stupid of me!"

"I am glad you did not," said Terence. "You must go when he comes. Will you tell me where you live? I may call and thank you, may I not? I want to thank you now, but I don't seem able. You have been very kind—very."

And here his voice failed and his eyes closed.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Elfy, as Mr. Popplechick's spare form could be seen on the box of an

approaching cab. "How long you have been! The poor young gentleman has fainted again!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

EDGAR RAVEN saw no light in Valeria Temple's window for the very sufficient reason that at that time she was, in the character of Marion Earle, changing her disguise in Elfy's room for her proper garments.

"Not home yet!" he murmured, as he made his way to his studio and reached his familiar pipe from the mantel-shelf; "not home yet! Where was she gone? To visit some friends, Madame Leclaire said. Can she have gone alone?"

His brows contracted at the thought, and he blew a heavy cloud of smoke from his meerschaum.

Alone at night! It perplexed and worried him. He could not rest in his chair, for he fancied that he could see her in all sorts of danger—and alone.

At last he heard the sound of wheels approaching the house and stop at the gate.

He drew aside the blind and saw a lady alight from a cab and walk up the path to the next house. A few minutes afterwards he went into the garden and saw a light burning in her window.

With a sigh of relief he returned to his room and fell to pacing to and fro.

"Why should I worry myself about the ingoings and outgoings of this strange girl?" he murmured. "What is she to me? A great deal," he answered himself, stopping suddenly before the picture he had painted of her. "A great deal, for I love her!"

"Yes," he continued, gazing at the beautiful face, set in its background of gnarled oak. "Let me deceive myself no longer, let me hide it no more. I love her, and she"—he sighed and turned away with compressed lips—"she cares no more for me than does this painted copy of her. Oh, idiot that I have been to stake my heart rashly and to lose it! Let me be wise and play the idiot no longer. I feel the old restlessness coming over me, the old dread shadows which have clung to me since my boyhood closing about me. To-morrow I will turn wanderer again, and fly from the enchantress who is gradually stealing my whole life from me! To-morrow I say farewell to the fond illusion and go, to return never more!"

So saying he laid down his pipe and slowly and gravely lit his lamp.

The morning broke fair and clear, and Edgar Raven rose from a sleep which had been full of dreams of the dark, beautiful face and voice which were always with him, with the resolve which he had made the night before more strongly set in his determination.

The sight of the picture did not turn him from his purpose, but served to strengthen it, for the picture was finished and there was nothing to keep him.

It belonged to her, and he would send it to her with a few words humbly asking her acceptance of it.

Perhaps—who could tell?—she might, when looking on it, remember him.

With a toss of his head he cast all such soft thoughts from him and set about making his arrangements for travelling. They were very few and soon made.

When they were completed he sauntered out into the front garden and tried to fix upon some plan for his route.

"No matter where," he mused. "North, south, east or west, wherever I go the shadows will follow me, the old restlessness will drive me on. Did my father curse me with that sign he made upon his death-bed? Surely some such evil influence must have been excited to blight my life as it has done! Life! what a mockery it is! How short, how unreal, how purposeless—" He paused and a flush mounted his face from the next garden, on the other side of the wall by which he was walking, there rose a voice singing softly.

He knew the voice, it was Valeria's; he knew the song, it was the one from the old music-book which he had given her.

For a moment he determined to go from temptation and the house—for a moment only, the next he had swung open the tall iron gates, and stood before her.

Yes, it was her, beautiful as an Eastern rose, with her wealth of dark hair bound in a thick coil round her exquisitely shapely head, and her graceful, lithe figure draped in a simple robe of some soft black material.

She looked up as she heard his step, and came forward, with a smile upon her lips and in her eyes.

"Good morning," she said, as Edgar—his whole being thrilling under the influence of her voice and the touch of her hand, as it lay clasped in his—stood looking at her.

"I am up betimes, you see."

"As becomes the lark," said Edgar.

"'Tis too early for compliments," she said. "Will you not come in?"

He pushed open the gate, for they had shaken hands through it, and stood by her side. There were a few fronds of ferns in her hands and he longed for them; but most of all for her, as she stood there, lighting up the whole quiet place with her exquisite beauty and grace. Oh, it was hard to love her so and leave her!

For the first time in his life Edgar Raven felt a lack of words.

"You were late last night," he said at last, almost abruptly.

"Yes," she said, and her eyes dropped beneath his. "Yes, I was. My friends live at some little distance, and I could not get away until late. How did you know?"

"I heard your cab."

"You did not see me?" she said, with a strange, almost eager inflection of tone.

"I saw some one—a lady," he said, with a smile, "and I presumed it to be you. I saw the light in your window."

"In my window?" she said, with plain and simple surprise. "Then you were walking in the garden?—so late too!"

"Yes," he said. "I did not return straight from the concert"—Valeria started—"but finished up the evening at the Armistage's."

"How were they?" she asked.

"Very well, as usual," he replied. "You do not ask how the grand concert went off?"

"No," she said, then turned suddenly. "Oh, here is Madame Leclaire," and she got away from him and his question.

"Both early birds!" said Madame Leclaire. "I did not expect to see either of you so early as this! My dear, you do not look tired, and yet you were very late," she added, anxiously, as she kissed Valeria's white forehead.

"No, I am strong," said Valeria, with a smile.

"Are these not beautiful ferns?"

"Very; quite a picture," said Madame Leclaire.

"Ah!" said Edgar, looking a little aside and making a plunge. "The word reminds me of my duty. Miss Temple, the picture is finished and waits your inspection."

He stopped abruptly and drew a short breath, as if preparing himself for a sudden plunge, for he had determined to tell her that it was his last morning in England.

"Finished!" said Valeria. "So soon!" How hard you must have worked."

"Love's labour lost," murmured Edgar, grimly and inaudibly; then aloud: "Yes, I have found a pleasure in painting it, and when one does that the work progresses. Shall I bring it to you this morning; there may be something amiss, and I should like to alter it before—"

"Oh, is it not a pity to trouble Mr. Raven to bring the picture here?" said Madame Leclaire. "Mr. Raven, can we not come and see it where it was painted?"

"If you will consent to honour my poor studio with your presence," said Edgar, with a suppressed eagerness.

"We will come, if it will not inconvenience you," said Valeria, quietly.

"When?" he asked, looking at her.

"Let us go now," said Madame Leclaire, who was curious to see the interior of an artist's studio—and of Edgar Raven's especially.

"But perhaps that may not be convenient," said Valeria, looking at Edgar.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "A week would not suffice to make it fit for you to enter, therefore you must take it as it is."

Valeria smiled, and, with her arm entwined in Madame Leclaire's, passed through the gate and into his garden.

As she entered she looked round with a smile of curiosity.

"You have no statue," she said, "and no fountain."

"No," he said. "This garden lacks many things which yours has."

"You, fair flower," he added, in his heart.

They passed into the house and up the old stairs into the studio, Valeria pausing at the threshold and looking round with evident interest and curiosity.

Edgar Raven drew a chair forward and stood leaning on the back, silent and grave. He dared not lift his eyes lest she should read his secret, for his heart was throbbing with a new and strange pulsation at the thought that she—she, the woman he loved—was lighting and glorifying the room with her presence.

Madame Leclaire was examining the room and the hall outside, which was hung with pictures and studies, with the liveliest interest, and calling Valeria's attention to the models and old armour.

Valeria, with her peculiar lithe movement, soft and graceful, glided from one to the other with grave interest, then came up to the easel.

"Now for the picture! The greatest surprise of all! I should have been quite satisfied with a peep at the room without any further inducement, Mr. Raven," said Madame Leclaire. "I could spend days here looking at the pictures and the books! But the picture! After all, I am terribly curious."

"You must stand here to see it in its proper light," said Edgar, and he touched the chair.

Obediently they crossed the room and took up their places and then he drew the cover from the canvas and joined them.

"Oh!" said Madame Leclaire, with a smile of delight. "That is beautiful! You were quite right; it has made a delicious picture! Those cool old trees, with the light piercing the leaves; and the figure is simply a reflection of Miss Temple! Mr. Raven, no wonder that your pictures realize such large prices when you can paint like this. Oh, I do think it is wonderful."

Valeria did not say a word, but fixed her dark eyes upon the picture with a grave, almost mournful intensity.

For some minutes Madame Leclaire talked on in her quiet way, then she turned to a picture near the door, and gradually passed into the hall for another look at the pictures there.

Edgar Raven stood beside Valeria as motionless as herself for some minutes, then he said:

"You do not like it?"

She turned to him, almost with a start.

"Yes," she said. "It is a beautiful picture, I am sure, although it is not a true one. I am not like that, Mr. Raven; that is me with your fancy added as a last touch."

"No," he said, gravely, and with a suppressed earnestness. "You are wrong; I could add nothing to your face. The one on the canvas is a miserable caricature of it to me. You like the picture?"

Valeria turned her large, frank eyes to him.

"I like it; but may I speak frankly with all my heart?"

"You may," he said; his words sounded cold and abrupt, but he could not trust himself to speak fully.

"Then I will say that it makes me sad; it oppresses me. Why have you made me look so mournful, so grave, so wistful? Could you not paint me with a smile?" Her voice had grown earnest, almost to intensity, as if she were answering a reproach.

"Did I look like that? Yes, I must have looked like that—helpless, powerless, unstable, undecided, and feeble—oh, so feeble! Oh! that face, my own, is a rebuke me—a rebuke! What do I, sitting there idle and musing, while duty calls and plucks at my elbow?"

As if she had lost all consciousness of his presence, she spoke her thoughts—almost like a wail—her hands clasped tightly on the back of the chair, her eyes fixed on the picture.

"You have done a great thing, Mr. Raven; you have painted, not only a face, but a poor, feeble soul which shrinks from the task it has taken on itself. The picture is mine, you say; I will take it; it shall hang before my eyes all day and all night, and spur my faltering spirit to its purpose! Oh, how solitary, how miserable it looks sitting there! How solitary, how helpless, how alone!"

Her voice softened for the first time and suddenly at the last word, and then, as she turned, as if unable to bear the picture any longer, he saw two large tears standing in her dark, exquisitely beautiful eyes.

These two tears broke down the barriers of his resolve and restraint, swept them away as a flood sweeps banks and boundaries with one wild, irresistible rush.

His hand fell on hers and clasped it, the fire and tenderness of a mighty love burnt in his eyes, his lips quivered, parted, and his soul rushed through.

"Helpless! Alone! Valeria, you are alone longer, for I will be your companion and your slave! Valeria, I love you! Heaven knows I would have buried that love in my heart and kept it from you, but your sweetness has tempted it to freedom! I love you! Will you not give me the right to take your life to mine and make it brighter and happier? I will devote my life and my soul to you! These are yours now and for ever. You cannot cast them from you, for I have given you my heart and my love! Valeria, let this dear, sweet hand remain in mine for life—for life!"

He broke off suddenly for lack of breath, and a cold thrill ran through him and sent the blood bounding to his heart, for the hand which he had held with a passionate clasp was drawn slowly from him.

A spasm of pain crossed his face and showed in his eyes as he felt the hand go from him and saw the expression of her face.

Looking down on him with startled eyes, in which surprise, a strange, mournful pain-pleasure commingled, Valeria's face grew white and set; her lips quivered, and her hand which she had set free pressed her bosom as if to repress the emotion his words had produced.

With a tightening of the lips and a sudden pallor, Edgar Raven drew himself upright and turned his face aside.

Like all men of his temperament, when his passion mastered him it made him a very slave indeed; to suppress it required a strength almost gigantic, and with a fearful intensity he felt that he should have to suppress it, for in that one long look at her face he had read her answer.

At last she moved.

The hand left her bosom and was held towards him.

He turned and, with that look which a man wears but once in his lifetime and for one woman only, he took it.

"Forgive me!" she said, in a low, broken voice, full of self-reproach and pain. "I did not know—"

"That I loved you as I have never loved, or shall love again."

"No!" she said, with a mournful earnestness. "No, I did not know it. Oh, heavens, that we had not met!"

"You will not take my love?" he said.

"I cannot—I dare not!" she returned, in a voice-burst of anguish.

"Dare not!" and his face blanched. "You are pledged to another?"

"Yes—to the dead!" she replied, solemnly.

Edgar Raven started.

"To the dead!" and he made a step forward, as if he would have caught her to him and protected her from such a dire fancy; but she drew the slightest shade from him, and with low, firm words, spoken brokenly and with a weary intensity, said:

"Yes, to the dead. I cannot take your love, for I have none to give in return. I dare not love! I have vowed to love no one until a certain task has been performed. What that task is I may not say: enough that it may last my whole life long, and that—that—we must part!" She turned to him again and held out her hand. "Forgive me; I did not know, I did not dream that you would grow to—love me! Will you touch my hand once more, for the last time, in token of that forgiveness?"

He took her hand—it trembled, in spite of her firmness—and pressed his lips upon it with a wild, passionate despair.

"Farewell!" she breathed, moving towards the door. "You will forget me?"

"Never!" he said, hoarsely. "I shall leave England to-night for ever; but wherever I go, however long I may live, I shall always love you: I shall never cease to remember your face, your voice, the touch of your hand, My love for you will be as long as my life."

With a sigh of anguish she turned and looked once and long on his white, moving face, then, with head lowered and the hand he had kissed against her heart, she passed from his sight.

To be continued.

AN odd ceremony has just taken place at Berlin. A jubilee has been celebrated in Brockmann's Circus in honour of a monkey which had completed twenty-five years of service. The animal was formally installed in the place of honour at a grand banquet, at which, beside those engaged in the establishment, there were several representatives of the bar.

HER Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of England) still continues the practice of the art of painting, in which she showed such marked talent before she left this country years ago. In fact, she is a most enthusiastic follower of art, and has a studio arranged in the New Palace, Potsdam, where she and the Crown Prince reside. Her Imperial Highness has produced several very good portraits of the members of her own family. These are not only good portraits, but are most creditable works of art, having qualities which show the true touch of the artist rather than the treatment of an amateur.

THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL."—The origin of the phrase "printer's devil" is said to be as follows: Aldus Manutius was a printer in Venice. He owned a negro boy who helped him in his office; some people were superstitious enough to believe him an emissary of Satan. He was known over the city as the "little black devil." Desiring to satisfy the curiosity of the populace, he one day publicly exhibited his boy and proclaimed, "I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood come and pinch him."

The great printing firm of Gerold, at Vienna, cele-

brated its centennial on October 9. It was in 1775 that Joseph Gerold became possessed of the University Printing Office in the Dominican Platz—and he was in the following year appointed Imperial Printer, a position of great dignity and emolument. The business attained large proportions under Joseph's successor. Carl Gerold used every endeavour to check the system of piratical printing and to modify the severity of the censorship. His name was among those attached to a memorial sent to Prince Metternich in the zenith of his power, complaining of this oppressive institution. Carl was succeeded by the present heads of the establishment, Friedrich and Moritz Gerold, who supply school-books to almost all the gymnasia and Real-schulen in Austria.

#### WAYSIDE SERVICE.

If I am poor and pinched with cold,  
And famine steals within my door,  
My raiment scant, and thin, and old,  
And you are prospered more and more,  
Wait not to ask my name and creed  
Before you help, or pass me by;  
To-day perform the gracious deed—  
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If I am met by thieves to-day,  
And wounded sore, and left to die,  
And you should find me by the way,  
Attracted by my suffering cry;  
Then come and prove yourself a man,  
And, though the Levite passes by,  
Be thou the good Samaritan—  
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If I have strayed from virtue's path,  
And entered in the door of sin;  
In very truth a child of wrath,  
Dedicated in every thought within,  
And you should see from whence I fell,  
Oh! help me then to turn and fly!  
Or pull me from the way to hell—  
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If I, in some sad hour of life,  
Go toiling up grief's heavy grade,  
Worn out with fear, and toil, and strife,  
In steps the lowly Master made,  
And you should meet me on my road,  
As fainting 'neath my cross I lie,  
Come, then, and help me bear my load—  
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If time is passing, as we say,  
And no to-morrow's sun may rise,  
And you can help a soul to-day  
To look to Heaven for fresh supplies;  
If you the cooling draught can give  
To thirsty pilgrims passing by;  
Bestow your blessing while they live—  
They'll scarcely need you when they die.

J. J. M.

A TRANSLATION of the "Pilgrim's Progress" has been issued by a native Japanese publisher.

THE Earl of Lonsdale has announced his intention to adopt the Agricultural Holdings Bill in its entirety.

THE large Turkish ironclad ship "Messondie," during the time she has been at Chatham, has been visited by a large number of officials connected with the Turkish Government. She is certainly one of the finest armour-clad ships ever constructed in this country for the Royal Navy or for any other Power. No expense has been spared in the way of fitting up the vessel internally, and she is, without doubt, the most costly ironclad vessel ever constructed.

TRAFALGAR DAY.—Notwithstanding the 70th anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar was recently celebrated, there still remain invaluable veteran officers to commemorate the day, viz.:—Admiral of the Fleet Sir George R. Sattoris, K.C.B., who is now in his 86th year, was midshipman of the "Tonnant;" Admiral Robert Patton, now in his 86th year, was midshipman of the "Bellerophon;" Admiral Joseph Gape was first-class volunteer in the "Ajax;" Vice-Admiral Spencer Smyth was midshipman of the "Defiance;" Commander J. H. Sanders, in receipt of a pension for wounds, and who is now in his 91st year, was master's mate of the "Swiftsure;" Commander Francis Harris, a recipient of a naval pension, was midshipman of the "Temeraire;" Commander William Vioyart, a recipient of the Greenwich Hospital pension, was first-class volunteer in the "Achille;" Deputy Inspector of Hospitals Peter Suther, a recipient of the Greenwich Hospital pension, was surgeon in the "Swiftsure;" Lieutenant-Colonel James Fynmore, R.M., a recipient of the Greenwich Hospital pension, was midshipman of the "Africa."



[FERRETT READS THE NEWS.]

# OLD RUFFORD'S MONEY;

OR,  
WON WITHOUT MERIT, LOST WITHOUT  
DESERVING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Fighting for Freedom," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

THE bird had flown; "the victim had escaped the net of the fowler." One item of information, however, relating to Mr. Richard Chillingham Mr. Lynx had obtained—viz., that he had taken the route of Ostend on his return to England.

Now, as the Brighton of Belgium is under 90 miles from Brussels by the Northern Railway of Belgium, and as the journey by Tescmenda, Ghent and Bruges was even then performed at the safe rate of 16 miles per hour, in less than six hours, for the sum of 54 francs, Mr. Lynx determined, to borrow a later phrase from an American general and president, "to fight it out on that line;" not omitting to search for such footprints of Mr. Chillingham as ought to be traceable by active inquiry. Indeed, Mr. Lynx had resolved to see Mr. Chillingham, himself unseen, and find out if he was such a Sphinx as he seemed to be. So thought Mr. Lynx, though he knew no more of CEdipus and his riddle than Mrs. Beecher Stowe's little Topsy.

At each halting station he learned that Mr. Chillingham had "gone on," and, arrived at Ostend, he found himself at full liberty to enjoy a walk on the magnificent esplanade; for the morning train had set him down at 11.15 a.m., and the Dover boat was timed for 6.30 p.m.; but, what was worse, he found that Mr. Chillingham had steamed to England the night before, so that, arriving in Dover about 11 p.m., he would be at least 24 hours before him. That is, if he did go to London at all, which was by no means certain. These conjectures sorely perplexed Mr. Lynx, who, finding that pumping the Ostend police was what he called trying for water with a dry sucker, resigned himself to his position and turned into the Hotel des Bains for a good, substantial English dinner, at which satisfactory entertainment we shall leave him, and across the Channel to Dover, there to look after the soi-disant Richard Chillingham and some of his friends.

"It's all arranged, Joe," said Mr. Ferrett, "and there's nothing to prevent its coming off on Saturday night. The three boxes have been made in the

rough, and I have myself finished them even to the shipping marks and private brands. I don't mean to change more than three boxes whatever may be the number shipped and forwarded. And I'll tell you why: it may delay the completion of the job, and attract notice. Step here, Joe, and tell me what you think of the dummies, as you so well know the look of the full ones."

Mr. Ephraim Ferrett led the way, with a shaded candle, along a narrow passage into a small yard at the back of his lodgings and pointed out to his confederate, Joe Paget, a large rough deal box or packing case; it bore on its upper side a nailed-on card, inscribed:

"MR. ROBERT JONAS,  
Chalton Street, Somers Town.

"This side up—with care,  
"London Bridge Station. (To be called for)."

"There," said Mr. Ferrett, lifting off the lid of the packing case and taking out one of three small boxes, strongly clasped and iron-cornered, apparently screwed down and further secured by a small patent brass padlock, sealed over the keyhole by tape and wax. "There they are, and I defy you, Mr. Guard, or any of your mates, to say which is the real and which the false box, if you'll give me five minutes to mix them together—eh?"

Joe Paget examined them with a critical eye. He could detect no flaw in the imitation of the genuine bullion boxes, of which he had purloined an "empty" as a pattern.

"Each of those," said Mr. Ferrett, complacently, "is exactly up to weight. I reckon it this way, Joe, I take roughly the 12 ounces of gold as 50 sovereigns—72 lbs. equal to 3,600 coined sovereigns. Or else they hold about 864 ounces of bullion or gold dust; this, at 4s. an ounce, makes them worth a little more than 3,450l. a box. Think of that, Joe, my boy! Three boxes—I won't be greedy and risk all by trying for more than three—three boxes with considerably over 10,000l. Then, Joe, they're not notes, to be robbed of by Israel Fagin. There's no identification of current coin, nor, for that matter, of bar or grain, when once I've had the crucibling of it—eh, Joe?" and Mr. Ferrett rubbed his hands with glee as he looked on the neatly made facsimile boxes.

Joe seemed thoughtful and depressed, and did not answer the appeal.

"What's up, Joe? By-the-bye, I've heard nothing of Barney Cross, he was to be down to-morrow night, and I suppose we may expect him when we see him,

as the saying goes. I don't want him here, hanging about before the time, he's such a talent for getting into mischief. He is to come into the station yard, Joe, and keep the little wicket gate, with a loaded preserver under his coat. He will give an alarm whistle if danger approaches and we may trust him to knock the speech out of anyone foolish enough to try to hinder his own or my escape."

"You'll have no Barney Cross to play 'cover,' either here or anywhere else," said Joe Paget, moodily. "Let's go indoors and I'll tell you why."

Mr. Ferrett looked surprised, but he softly let down the lid of the packing-case and led the way back along the passage by which they had entered.

They seated themselves at the small table by the fire, and Joe drew from his pocket a Surrey newspaper of the previous day.

Mr. Ferrett read therein, with a look of disappointment that grew into one of exasperation as he proceeded, the report of the coroner's inquest on the aged gentleman, the victim of the burglar's murderous violence. Mr. Lynx's identification taken down by the magistrate's clerk was put in, with the note by the reporter that "that active and intelligent officer was necessarily absent, he being on the continent following up an important clue which had been discovered in connection with the great bank robbery. The nature of that information we must at present withhold lest it should interfere with the ends of justice."

This last bit of news seemed to please Mr. Ferrett, for he stopped at this point, and remarked:

"Ah! they're still after young Chesterton. Well, I hope they won't catch him; then the case will be an open one, and rest where it is. If I was sure they'd convict him if they got hold of him and give him 'a life,' it would be better still. I wonder where he's hiding. Have you any notion, Joe?"

Joe started, rather surprised at the suddenness of the question; his reply, however, was not needed, for Mr. Ferrett jumped to his feet as he read, a little farther on in the newspaper:

"The prisoner who proves to be an ex-pugilist and a notorious character, many times convicted, and a regular jail-bird, had a paper upon him relating to a burglary which was to be attempted near Dover by himself, assisted by others of the gang. This is in the hands of the police, who hope thereby to snare the accomplices of this miscreant. This notice of the change of the scene of the depredations from Surrey and Hants to Kent may be of service in forewarning the police and inhabitants of the district."

"The infernal blockhead!" exclaimed Ephraim Ferrett. "What could he mean by keeping that paper about him, when I wrote 'Destroy this as soon as read' on its very top? I'm very glad they've caught him, and I hope they'll hang him, as an encouragement to other fools. There'll be Lynx, or some other man-eater, down here to-morrow night, Joe, and they'll prowl and watch Snargate Street and thereabouts. If they stay, Joe, over Friday it'll spoil the finest bit of business—"

"I wish," said Joe, with a sigh almost a groan, "I'd never had anything to do with this guard's business, nor railways, nor parcels, nor notes, nor gold-dust either—I've spent three months of the—"

"What?" exclaimed the horror-struck Ephraim Ferrett, "Joe Paget turned skulker and faking a ten thousand pound prize when it lies to his hand? You can't mean to back out of this and leave me to—but hark'ee, Mr. Nightingale," added he, in a sneering tone, "I knew of a young man who got a confidential situation by a forged character, by forged testimonials, and by taking the name of another young man, and an honest one too. And he's been signing his name as Nightingale for months past every day, and that's a hanging matter. I'm thinking, if that young man don't go straight that I'll take a trip across the water and send a stamped letter asking the directors just to look up their Mr. Nightingale and tell 'em where to find the right one."

Joe Paget grew deadly pale. The master-mind had dominated him; the arch-fiend had terrified him by his thorough-paced devilry. The bating and half-hardened sinner Joe besought his master's pardon. He promised compliance with all his plans, and a hearty co-operation in the present attempt. Ephraim affected to have been jesting—Joe thought it beyond a jest—he had never doubted Joe's pluck, etc., etc., but he must not look back; that was ruin, where it was safe—indeed, a fortune—to go on boldly. Finally Joe, overpersuaded and intimidated, agreed to meet Mr. Ferrett on Saturday for the final arrangement of the details of their grand coup de main on the London gold consignment.

"Guard No.—, is wanted in the manager's office," said a porter as Joe Paget stepped out on the platform that evening to see to the local parcels for London, and to the running up to its position of the brake and luggage van to be attached to a "Grande Vitesse."

"Joe Nightingale's wanted in the manager's office," repeated another porter nearer to the guard. Joe felt a presentiment of coming evil that he could not shake off. He walked slowly into the office with the sensation of guilt on his conscience. The office was partially in darkness, one lamp only and that in the passage, or entrance, being lighted; so that though he was fully visible to those within he could not see distinctly into the place.

The manager had several papers in his hand, for he was very busy, and he called to some one inside: "Here, sir, is Joseph Nightingale, if you wish to speak to him; he has little time to spare."

A voice replied, which did not sound unfamiliar to Joe, but he failed to recognize the speaker in the imperfect light.

"There is some great mistake here, Mr. Superintendent. This is not the Joseph Nightingale whose testimonials and character you have shown to me. Indeed, he bears no personal resemblance to—"

The superintendent had stepped behind Joe as the stranger thus spoke.

"Step into my office, sir," said he to Joe; "this matter must be searchingly investigated."

Joe stepped farther in, the superintendent and the stranger standing in the doorway.

"Light the gas here, somebody!" cried the superintendent.

Joe knew the premises well. He stepped aside into a little passage, or long closet, having a window in it, scarcely four feet from the ground of the street outside the station, which was part of the path covered by the staircase ascending to the crossing-bridge of the line.

To throw up the sash was the work of an instant, and as the sound of the opening window met the ears of the men engaged in lighting the lamp Joe had made a clear jump out of the premises and with a bound was off down a bye-street into the darkness with the fleetness of a deer.

"He's clear off," said the superintendent, drily. "After him, John Clark; though I suspect we shan't see him for some time. How strange! This young man, sir, was a favourite here and much trusted, considering the short time he's been on the line; so much so that he's excited the envy of our older hands by his promotion. It's only to-day I received a sort

of hint that there was something mysterious about his meetings with an old man who he said, when questioned, was his father come down from London to see him."

"I have certainly seen this young man before," said Reginald, musingly; for he it was, and we have just seen the result of his endeavour to see the real Joseph Nightingale. "His face is familiar to me, and I believe him to be one Joseph Paget, formerly a training-groom, a frequenter of race-courses, and a companion of one Ephraim Ferrett, or Bowman, an unarticled attorney—do you know that person?"

"I do: and moreover I have information from London pointing suspicion against him for recent robberies on this line. Do you say, Mr. Chillingham, that this fellow who has just absconded is a companion or confederate of Bowman?"

"I do."

"This is important. Shall you be staying in Dover over to-night? I should be very glad to introduce you to a resident director here. This must be followed up. Ah, there's the gang! The Calais boat is coming in; we must resume this conversation, sir, at the first opportunity."

The bell on the pier rang and the superintendent hurried off to the Admiralty landing wharf. Reginald followed slowly.

What were his emotions when among the throng which crossed the gangway on to terra firma he perceived Sir Robert Percival and his daughter Amina, arm-in-arm with William Sherlock! He felt a sick faintness as the thought rushed on him of his outcast, very perilous condition, the consequences of his own folly and vicious course.

They passed on. He had still in the depth of his degradation a friend and a firm one in William Sherlock. He could not allow him to continue his journey without a recognition and a word. He entered the vestibule of the "Lord Warden" and as Captain Sherlock stayed behind to give some directions to a porter Reginald stepped up to him, and was instantly shaken hands with and a promise made to be with him in a few moments.

This promise was kept, as soon as he had seen Sir Robert and his daughter fairly settled.

"I fear this is premature, my dear friend," said William Sherlock; "they have not traced Bowman yet, and until he is in custody everybody tells me nothing can be said to be done."

"That is the very reason I have risked this voyage," replied Reginald. "I must be the instrument of retribution on that scoundrel, as it is against me that his venomous malice has been concentrated. I take it as a good omen that my very first step has led to a remarkable discovery. I told you that one of my objects in visiting England would be to see the guard of the Dover train, named Joe Nightingale, whose knowledge of me and of this robbery appeared so remarkable. Well, I have seen him, and he is not honest Joe Nightingale but one Joe Paget, a knavish confederate of Ephraim Ferrett, under his alias of Bowman."

Here there was a slight interruption and some little bustle: it was occasioned by the passengers by the packet from Ostend.

"I am overwhelmed! Let me congratulate you, my dear—a—Chillingham—"

And he hesitated, for he saw a man standing hard by, and evidently listening to their conversation. The fellow, however, slunk off quickly as the captain's eye rested on him, and he resumed:

"I would strongly advise you to return to Belgium or France immediately, and communicate your whereabouts to me at the Army and Navy Club, where my letters are forwarded. Good bye! Heaven bless you, and may we soon see you in the arms of your father, and delighting the hearts of your friends. Good bye!"

And again the hearty sailor wrung the hand of Reginald Chesterton.

"You have had a Mr. Chillingham here, I believe?" said Mr. Lynx, bowing himself into the superintendent's office at the railway terminus.

"Yes, Mr. Lynx, we have, and a very remarkable discovery he made. We've had a guard on our line some months by the name of Joe Nightingale. He got on by forged testimonials and a false reference, and is not Joe Nightingale at all, but one Joe Paget—"

"Yes, I see—a personating dodge; and did this Mr. Chillingham know Joe Paget?"

"Exactly; he recognized him at once."

"Bravo!" ejaculated Mr. Lynx. "I saw through his disguise—he was shaking hands with Sailor Sherlock—he's Reginald Chesterton! But you've turned the keys on Joe Paget, of course?"

"Worse luck, we've not; he's got off—for the pro-

sent. But what did you say about young Chesterton?"

Mr. Lynx affected not to hear the question, and went on:

"Mr. Chillingham is coming back here, you said?"

"Almost immediately."

"Right; I'll stop across the road for a minute or two. You'll kindly keep Mr. Chillingham engaged for a few minutes, as I have some special business with him."

Mr. Lynx merely wanted an excuse to return to the "Lord Warden" and keep an eye upon his man. Fortune served him, for he saw him crossing the road to the booking-office of the Ostend steam-packets, and saw him pay the money for his passage by the next day's boat in the name of Richard Chillingham.

Mr. Lynx laughed with the smothered gleam of a Mephistopheles. His prey was sure.

The unsuspecting young man made his way to the superintendent's office, satisfied that he had complied with the wishes of his best friend in not prolonging his stay in England, and also resolving to direct the quest for Bowman through the easier preliminary, as he thought, of getting hold of Joe Paget.

With these ideas he entered the office, hoping to glean some more information with regard to Joe Paget and his proceedings, not doubting but there lay some plot of the cunning Ephraim concealed under this at present inexplicable metamorphosis of Joe Paget the groom into a guard, under the alias of honest Joe Nightingale.

The superintendent was courteous and obliging, but really had little information to communicate. Indeed, up to the last half-hour, Joe had been entirely untraced.

While they thus talked, Mr. Superintendent observed our old friend Lynx, who, with a shake of the head to assure his not being noticed, passed behind Reginald and into a small inner office, where he could hear and see all that passed.

Reginald was about to leave, with an expression of thanks, when a police-constable appeared in the platform doorway.

The man, a stalwart fellow, threw his arm against the post and his body against the opposite one.

"Mr. Reginald Chesterton, I believe?" said a voice from behind, in a polite tone.

Reginald turned, and was dumbfounded at finding himself face to face with Mr. Lynx.

"It's a painful duty, Mr. Chesterton," said the officer, blandly, "very much so. You are my prisoner. As you are a gentleman I suppose you will not compel me to any harsh measures for your custody. I will take your word, sir, as to not making any attempt to escape, and send away my man, so as to avoid public notice."

"Can I communicate with my friends?"

"Not till we reach London, and I have reported to the authorities."

"Be it so, then," said the heart-broken Reginald.

"I am your prisoner."

Mr. Lynx immediately secured an entire compartment in a carriage by affixing on it, by permission, a board with the word "Engaged," and, taking his seat opposite to his prisoner, chatted with the nonchalance of a casual acquaintance, while the passengers took their seats, or saw their luggage safely stowed in the van.

The whistle blew. Reginald saw, without surprise, that it was a new guard called on suddenly for extra duty. The snorting engine changed its load drumming and jerks for short, fluttering pants, the whirling wheels stilled their clanking, smooth express speed was rapidly attained, and in a little over two hours the South Eastern Railway—for as yet the London, Chatham and Dover was not—discharged its voyagers at London Bridge.

That night Reginald Chesterton—his offence, capture, and identification being duly entered in the charge-book—was locked in one of the cells of the station attached to the head-office of the Metropolitan Police in Scotland Yard, Westminster.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

At a few minutes after eight the next morning Mr. Lynx had pulled the visitors' bell at No. 7, Torrington Square, and had told the domestic that he would await Mr. Gilbert's convenience to see him upon the business mentioned in a little note which he handed to her, to be delivered as soon as her master should be stirring.

This, the young woman said, need occasion no delay, as Mr. Gilbert was already in his writing-room, and thither, after having taken up the note, the servant showed him the way.

Mr. Lynx knew full well that the gentleman he was about to see would view the success of his search with disfavour, though he might not think

proper so to express himself, but Mr. Lynx was prepared and moreover fully consoled by anticipation of the advertised reward.

Mr. Lynx bowed himself in and found Mr. Gilbert with the note between his finger and thumb, said note merely announcing, in the most laconic terms, the capture of Reginald and the claim of his captor to the one hundred pounds reward announced to be payable on application to the manager of the Chartered Mercantile Bank.

"Sad business this, Mr. Lynx," said Mr. Gilbert, "there can, however, be but one opinion of your cleverness and activity in effecting the apprehension of this most unfortunate young man and as little doubt that you are fully entitled to the reward, which shall at once be paid you. But I should wish your opinion as to the possibility of postponing for a few days the examination of the prisoner before a magistrate, as I hope by that time to obtain some further evidence towards clearing up the mysterious case."

Mr. Lynx's twofold object was gained, that object, candour confessed, was, first, the securing of the reward; secondly, the exaltation of his reputation as a detective by the capture of an offender of superior social rank and intelligence.

He therefore at once adopted the new role of sympathy with the prisoner and at once placed himself at the service of his friends, some of whom were so lately his accusers.

"I am sure, sir, every one must feel, as I do, that it is the duty of the law to clear an innocent man just as much as it is to convict a guilty one. It is not for me to go beyond my humble calling in endeavouring to bring suspected persons to answer before the magistrates and judges for the offences they're charged with. It isn't for me to decide on their guilt or innocence. I may, however, observe that as your bank is in this case the prosecutor and as there is this remarkable circumstance in the case, that the prosecution don't believe, from information they have since received, that they have got the right man, so there may be no need to bring him up for a day or so, providing the authorities at Scotland Yard, and maybe the Home Office, are communicated with. I've done my part of the duty, so far as my instructions went, and now, sir, if you'll give me the office as to how I can be serviceable in a further search after this principal criminal I shall be happy to place my best endeavours at your disposal and do my utmost to bring the real offenders to justice."

"Very good, very good, indeed, Mr. Lynx. Your sentiments, as well as your action in this painful case do you much credit. There is a man of the name of Bowman, once an attorney's clerk, well acquainted with Reginald Chesterton's handwriting and who has already plundered the unfortunate young man in a bill transaction."

"Excuse me, sir, but I have myself a knowledge of some passages in the life of Mr. Ferrett, for that's his real name."—Mr. Gilbert assented—"and I have for some time been convinced that his tricks would bring him under my notice and that of the criminal courts. One of his gang is now in Guildford jail on a charge of burglary and murder." Mr. Gilbert looked horrified. "Yes, sir, it amounts to that; and another, so I learnt last night from my prisoner as we came up to London, has just made his escape from Dover, where he would have been taken into custody and looked up for a false written character and personating another man. By those means, and perhaps forgery, he got into the confidential situation of a guard on the railway. Owing, however, to his being recognized by Mr. Reginald at the Dover station he got alarmed and has absconded."

"You surprise me, Mr. Lynx. Is there a hope of that fellow's apprehension?"

"Of course there is, sir, if it's made worth a man's while. He's not been got into that guard's situation for nothing, not he. There's a 'plant' somewhere behind, and Bowman's in that plant, in what way it shall be my business to find out."

"But my object is to trace the offence against our establishment and the public and the exculpation of our former clerk."

"Precisely so: and that is mine. Joe Paget is a confederate of Bowman, and we find him in a position of trust, by means of Bowman's contrivance. Joe Paget is at Dover; now as Mr. Ferrett is not in London, nor has he been for some time, I should say he's not far off Dover also. Then there's a bit of paper found on the fellow in custody for the Primely burglary, of which I've a copy," here Mr. Lynx drew out his many partitioned pocket-book and selected a half-sheet of note-paper. "Come down to Dover, Stargate Street, opposite number fourteen," and cetera, and cetera. The original is in a lawyer's writing, and I think we may say, putting this to that, something was contriving on that line of rail which would have astonished people when it did come off. Now, sir, if you will give your sanction for my going to Dover to look up Mr. Bowman and his gang, why I'll just step down to Scotland Yard,

get my leave from the dons, and be on the trail of Mr. Bowman and his friends this very afternoon. It may so happen that Joe Paget has made track from that place without being able to give warning to his master. Self-preservation, sir, is a first law of nature."

Mr. Gilbert listened with approval to the thief-catcher's plans, and at once placed Mr. Lynx in possession of the promised reward with the pleasant prospect of a similarly successful result of his search for the real culprits would be even yet more remunerative.

Thus whetted in his "sacred hunger for gold" Mr. Lynx departed, followed by Mr. Gilbert's best wishes in his search.

The man-hunter did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. His song was easily obtained upon his explaining to Sir Fredrick Mayne and Colonel Bower, both of whom he fortunately found in their offices, the position of affairs and the motives of his search.

He also proposed, with the assent of the prosecution, the detention of Reginald until his return, or at any rate for a few days; when, should his quest prove fruitless, he would attend the examination in chief of the prisoner at Bow Street, prepared to give evidence of identity and his capture.

This business settled, he hastened to apprise his prisoner of the welcome postponement of his compulsory appearance in the dock, not forgetting to magnify the friendly part he had taken therein, and a little after one o'clock Mr. Lynx was prowling the streets of Dover.

Ephraim Ferrett, sat in his poor, but neat and cleanly lodging in the back street we have already described.

He had decorated the mantel piece with small lead-bronze figures, and just made a present of a pair of couchant grayhounds, suited for ornaments or paper-weights, to his landlady and landlady, the former, an honest hardworking light porter and collector to a shipping grocer; and these good people, so far from suspecting the character of their lodger, were in high delight at the generosity and liberal payment of the excellent commercial gentleman who had, for a month at least, perhaps longer, as he might be called away suddenly to Paris, and would in that case like to leave his goods in honest keeping, engaged their front and back parlours, and the use of the little shed in the yard for the deposit of his merchandise.

Mr. Ephraim Ferrett felt that the critical moment for the "grand coup" was drawing near. He had once again inspected his three darling dummies in the packing-case in the shed, and figured, in imagination, how much dearer, to himself as well as their owners, the three richly filled bullock boxes would be.

He returned to his humble fireside, and having placed before himself a small brown stoneware tobacco jar with a circular leaden lid, loaned to him by his worthy landlady, he filled his well-coloured short meerschaum therefrom, compounded a stiff glass of grog from a bottle labelled "London gin," aided by a small tin t-a-kettle, and placidly betook himself to smoke-wreathed visions of the impending robbery—or "equitable exchange," as he facetiously termed it—together with all sorts of precautions against failure, with schemes for the prevention of pursuit, and the escape of all concerned—first, of course, of his precious self, and secondarily of his humbler accomplices.

"The thief doth fear each bush an officer," and in the same way every sound is questioned with apprehension by the man who is conscious that discovery of his real character must mean a jail and conviction.

Mr. Ferrett's bland and self-satisfying cogitations were changed for a slight palpitation of the heart. This was occasioned in this wise.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and as the family of the house were especially "early people," and, as he supposed, were already abed and asleep, he felt uneasy, as there were no other lodgers, at hearing a key placed in the door and its larger lock forced back, Mrs. Goodbody having already "put up" the hatch-catch of the spring with a piece of firewood for the special purpose of her husband's locking himself in, "on this night only," as the playbills say.

The door creaked complainingly, and Mr. Ephraim opened a chink of light into the passage by holding his own room-door in his hand to reconnoitre the supposed stealthy intruder.

"Hope I haven't disturbed you," said the apologetic light-porter. "It's my monthly club-night, mister. Beg pardon, I'm sure, if I've disturbed you—my missus puts up the catch for me, you see—"

Mr. Ferrett again breathed freely. He perceived that his excellent landlady's speech was thick and his face redder than usual.

"Don't mention it, my good sir," said Ephraim; "I was just taking a quiet whiff after a hard day out. Come in," added Mr. Ferrett, in a whisper.

He whispered because it was clear that Mr. Goodbody was in dread of awakening the upstairs echoes of his voluble and prolific spouse, who was already snoring in chorus with six blessed babies (the two latest arrivals being twins) in the two small rooms on the upper and only floor.

"Come in, my good man, and just take a night-cap to warm you this cold, damp evening," whispered Ephraim.

Mr. Goodbody grinned all over his honest face. His "extra pint," at the club, and an additional snubbing of "the rosy" at the bar of the "Fig and Whistle" on his coming out had raised his courage, and though he confined himself to "nods and bows and wreathed smiles," he readily accepted the proffered stiff tumbler, and tossed it off "like a man," as Mr. Ephraim expressed it.

Then, making another grimace of satisfaction, he nodded his head as gravely as my Lord Barleigh, and proceeded (having slipped off his high-lows on the little bit of matting in the passage) to ascend the narrow staircase on all-fours, much after the fashion of the brown bear in the pit at the "Zoo."

"That will do," said Mr. Ferrett, looking after him; "he's safe for an extra snooze on Sunday morning. Hal! he's woke the partner of his joys, and she's done the same by three or four of the youngest pledges of affection. What a confounded din to be sure!"

Mr. Ferrett looked carefully at the door-fastenings. We may be sure that he pulled out the little stick of firewood in the catch, and then quietly and softly shot the lock with the stout door-key.

"Hark!" Was it the wind that so suspiciously shakes the shutters of his little parlour-window. The noise is curious. Mr. Ferrett, sat down to enjoy, cynically, we must confess, the somewhat discordant ensemble which the Goodbody choir of cherubim had now got up for the special edification of paternal families. In one point, however, the little Goodbodies were at a serious and often painful disadvantage when compared with the cherubic choir as depicted by the old masters. They had all of them that provision for sitting down, and therefore that broad and for whipping, which the little bodiless heads and wings so provokingly lack, and many a time when they, in imitation of their celestial prototypes, "continually do err," the heavy, horny hand of Mrs. Grizzel Goodbody increased and prolonged their wailings and lamentations.

"Hush ye pretty warbling choir, your thrilling strains awake my pains," sang Mr. Ephraim, derisively, but still the row went on. The alto-soprano of Mrs. Goodbody held a fine dominance over the various smaller piping-tribes of the junior voice-steps in the matrimonial organ, while the growing bass of Mr. Goodbody formed a fine ground of interjectional grumbings and remonstrances.

Mr. Ferrett "laughed consensually," as Scrub says, and applauded himself hugely that he had never put himself in position of being, as Mrs. Goodbody described him to her friends when in complacent humour, "the proud father of six of the finest boy babies in Dover, all on 'em straight-limbed and not one on 'em with a speck on its skin, and it wuzn't they're old enough to carve Her Majesty the Queen, Heaven bless her!" None of which blessings did Mr. Ephraim Ferrett see the slightest cause for envying the "proud porter" on his twenty-five shillings a-week.

Mr. Ephraim puffed forth a dense volume of tobacco fumes and once more filled his meerschaum. There was a momentary lull in the vocal storm above.

"Tk-tk-tk-tk," as a key or some hard steel implement was gently but firmly struck against the iron fastenings of the shutter.

Mr. Ferrett rose quietly, deposited his pipe on the table and applied his ear to the window.

"Tk-tk-tk-tk," a pause, and a short cough, "Ahem!" as of clearing the throat.

"It's Joe, as I'm alive!" said Ephraim. "Why, what the deuce can have happened? He ought to be about Canterbury. Panaw! he ought to be nearing London by this time. Ahem!"

And Ephraim, acknowledging the signal, gently unlocked the street door and peered into the darkness.

In an instant Joe had slipped inside and into the parlour.

The door was refastened, and Ephraim waited impatiently till Joe had "taken the stopper out of his mouth," that his listener's ear might drink in his tidings.

We need not repeat the story of Reginald's recognition of the pseudonymous Joe Nightingale as the actual Joe Paget, of his timely jump, his clear run into the fields, where he had remained hid until all was quiet, and how necessary, for he had but a shilling or two in his pockets, was without even his great coat, and had no provision, had

driven him back to Ephraim at risk of apprehension.

Ephraim was all amok. He, in his heart of heart, cared little for Joe's position, save as it might compromise his own safety.

The crushing blow to his avaricious soul was the utter failure of his nefarious scheme when it appeared on the very eve of fruition. He sat himself down and, resting his elbows on the table, buried his unkempt, grizzled, gray head in his hands. It was Joe's turn to speak.

"I've come to you, Mr. Ferrett," said he, "for means to leave the country—our game's up here," added he. "I shall go to Canada, where they're great upon horse-people as knows a thing or two, and—"

"Hold your silly prate, will you?" exclaimed Ephraim, looking up at Joe with an expression of such fierce malignity that he positively shrank back. "Is this a time, you blockhead, to be drivelling about going abroad, and our game being up, and such skumble-skamble? You're known here as well as the town-oriel, and you would be grabbed on board any boat that leaves the port for a month or two to come as safe as if your name and address were pinned on your back! Go to Canada! Yes, if the road lies through Newgate you may have a chance—"

Joe interrupted, apologetically, "I only said Canada because I didn't know where else to go. It won't do to stay hereabouts."

"Certainly not, Joe," replied Ephraim, cooling down, "nor me either. Joe, here are dark whiskers, round beard and a wig—slip them on. I meant these for that confounded ass, Barney Cross, who'll get what he deserves. Luckily, he knows nothing, so he can't tell anything—not even who sent him the letter. The idiot did not destroy it when he found he was in the hands of the Philistines. Let that pass."

"You don't think our game up?" said Joe, firmly. "Then I do, and, what's more, I'm not sorry for it, if that was all. I felt all cold when I saw young Chesterton hiding for his life, and knowing what I did of—"

"Why didn't you split and put 'em on me?" hissed Ephraim, maliciously. "On your old master, who's made a man of you and would have made your fortune if you dare to do as he advises."

"I am no informer, nor one who peaches on a pal in trouble," said Joe, sulkily.

"Who said you were, you thin-skinned simpleton?" said Ferrett, forcing a smile. "Come, get on with your dress."

During this conversation the hirsute additions, which were well connected with the skin by secret horsehair springs, were donned by Joe.

Next he was wrapped in a velvet jacket and corduroy trousers and a sloop, with a cheap fur travelling-cap, but here Ephraim's wardrobe gave in.

A slight noise outside occasioned the deposit of Joe into the shed, but it proved a false alarm, and, having been supplied by Ephraim with four sovereigns and some small silver and coppers, Joe slipped forth into the blackness of a January night across a cart-yard and made his way to the lee of a haystack, where he determined to lurk until the first streak of day should enable him to take the road and make his way to the labyrinth of London as he best might.

Ephraim was relieved on one point.

As yet the ruinous discovery of Joe Paget's identity had given no immediate clue to his—Ferrett's—whereabouts, but in case of his apprehension it might not long be so.

Ferrett's faith in Joe's staunchness was somewhat shaken by his recent behaviour and speech.

"I'll cut the whole of 'em, the whole ragged lot. I'm simply disgraced by robbing in such company, as Falstaff has it. I'll disappear for a while. I think Paris air and a stroll through the Louvre with a pick-up now and then at a *tente-et-quarante* might amuse a gentleman's retirement while he awaits the drop-scene of the Chesterton comedy in England and abroad. There's no time to lose. I shall leave Dover by early boat and, agreeing with Mr. Joe Paget that our game is up, I shall try what a single-handed play in Paris can do until such time as things have settled down at Broadmoor for better or for worse."

Mr. Ferrett's change of costume was of a far more complete character than that of his subordinate, Joe.

He had, however, reckoned without his host.

He strolled down to the pier, having left a note for his landlady on the table to the effect that he had gone to dine "a little way out with a friend, at whose house he should stay for a day or two." Meanwhile he left a half-sovereign on account of rent and gave minute directions for the safe-keeping of his "articles de Paris" and packing-cases, and hoped to find all correct on his return.

Mrs. Goodbody, who was late in rising that morning, pocketed the half-sovereign with great glee,

accepted as plain truth every statement of so good a lodger, conscientiously corded and locked up his trumpery "property" and awaited his promised return.

That never came.

Mr. Ferrett, as we have said, strolled down to the pier.

He had miscalculated fearfully—there was no Sunday morning boat!

He became alarmed and uneasy. The day was fine; he walked out of the town into the fields, keeping a sharp lookout for any stranger who might approach him and avoiding as much as possible popular observation.

A sudden thought struck him that he would prolong his journey to Folkestone, in which he was favoured by a lift by a return chaise he met on the road.

From Folkestone he doubted not to reach the opposite coast, and in Boulogne he resolved to make his coup d'essai on French soil as a *chevalier d'industrie*.

Here we must for awhile leave him to see how other persons fare in this embarrassing conjuncture of circumstances.

(To be continued.)

## BURIED SECRETS.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER her interview with Dalyell in the street at night, as we have narrated, and obtaining from him the larger portion of the two hundred pounds which he had in turn obtained from young Lady Redmond, Lolette hurried away, finding in an adjacent street a hansom cab, which she hired to convey her to her new lodgings at Camden Town.

These lodgings were very comfortable, bordering upon the luxurious. She had excellent attendance; she made few acquaintances, drove daily, and lived a life different in very many respects from her former one with Mrs. Flint.

The revelation of her true identity had, as has been indicated, wrought an essential change in her character.

She cared no longer for Bingley's Music Hall, for the applause of its frequenters, for pot-house songs and dances. In Varley Street, Camden Town, were snug little detached houses, with snug little gardens, shut in by tall walls and palings.

From her upper window Lolette could see children at play in the gardens and mothers sewing at the windows.

She witnessed the return of fathers from their day's business and caught glimpses of pleasant home interiors and happy domestic life, that somehow made her heart ache.

A vague longing grew up within her to lead just such a quiet, respectable life as these women did; to be interested in little things, in flowers and sewing, as they were.

She had no love for Dalyell. In her picture of a home he had little share.

She believed that she would be quite happy by herself, with two servants to wait upon her, and she was impatient to begin her experiment.

This fancy was at total variance with her nature, and would at its longest be but short-lived. Her love for the footlights and applause, for glare and tinsel, was a part of herself, and could not long be set aside. Perhaps because it was but a caprice with her, which made her so eager for the accomplishment of her new desire.

There was nothing in her poor, shallow, frivolous nature to render a solitary life long endurable, to brighten lonely hours, but she had not sufficient self-knowledge to comprehend this. In her longing to present as great a contrast as possible to Jack Cartwright, her father, she would, in her present state of mind, almost have become a nun.

She had given Dalyell a fortnight in which to prepare a home for her. Only half this time had elapsed when one day a little adventure happened to her.

She had been out shopping—a very favourite employment with her—and the afternoon had deepened into evening. The usual November drizzle was wetting the pavements and rendering umbrellas necessary. The gas-lamps were lighted and the shop-windows were bright behind their misty panes.

Lolette had no cab, and had paused before an alluring shop-window filled with goods, with prices marked upon them on large cards, and was pondering upon the relative merits of two pieces of brightly-coloured velvet, when a street-Arab brushed past her.

Lolette turned around, fierce as a tigress, and grasped him in her large, firm hand. The boy had his hand in her pocket, his fingers closed around her purse. At her unexpected onset he was

frightened, and began to whimper and beg for mercy.

He was some twelve or thirteen years of age, lithe and slender, brown, dirty and ragged, with tangled, uneven locks hanging over his forehead, and with an impish face, full of cunning beyond his years.

"You little villain!" cried Mrs. Dalyell. "I've a good mind to send you to prison, you little thief. What is your name, sir?"

"It's Mike, ma'am. Let me go this time, lady," pleaded the young pickpocket, tearfully. "It's the first time, indeed, ma'am!"

"I don't believe you," said Lolette, looking around in vain for a policeman. "What do you steal for?"

"I has to live," said Mike, with a sort of offended dignity. "I has to eat, like other folks, and have clothes to wear."

Lolette gave a glance at his apologies for garments.

"Do you make much money by stealing?"

"No, miss. Some weeks business is dull, and I don't make a brass farthing; then again business is brisk and I get enough to keep me comfortable a month," answered the young thief, as gravely as if his pursuit were legitimate and commendable.

"Business" seems to have been dull lately," observed Mrs. Dalyell. "You are thin as a pip-stem. Thieving don't pay, young man. First you know you'll be sent to prison."

The boy wriggled in her grasp, interpreting her words probably as a menace, but she held him tight.

"Wouldn't you like to be respectable?" pursued Lolette, with a new idea in her head. "It is a fine thing to be respectable, Mike. No fear of prison or police if you'll be respectable."

"But would it pay?" demanded Mike, shrewdly and quickly.

"Yes, a thousand times better than thieving, you would have good clothes, comforts that you don't have now, no fear of policemen, Mike, as I told you, and you'd have a good bed to sleep on."

Mike's face lengthened.

"Such things don't come to the like of me," he remarked. "Who'd do all that for me, ma'am?"

"I would," said Lolette. "Now look here. I am going to have a home of my own in the country. I shall have two servants, and I would as soon keep a third. I want a boy like you, a sharp little fellow, to work for me. What do you say? Can I trust you?"

"Ponds on what you want me to do, and what you pay me."

"I'll give you a suit of clothes to begin with," said Mrs. Dalyell. "And I'll pay you five shillings a week and your travelling expenses. And your work will be easy."

The boy looked incredulous, but after some farther parley consented to enter her service.

"You can't come to my lodgings looking like that," said his patroness. "I am going to trust you, Mike, so come with me."

She marched him to a shoemaker's in the neighbourhood and provided him with a pair of stout boots.

The boy had never owned such luxury before, and looked upon her as a benefactor being, entitled to his warmest gratitude.

Then Lolette took him to a sloop-shop, also near at hand, and fitted him out with a suit of ready-made garments of a gray colour, with a considerable eruption of bright brass buttons in every available place. A cap completed Mike's outfit.

He retired into a back closet of the tailor's establishment, and soon after came out with a clean face, attired in his new suit, and fairly beaming with delight.

Lolette took his hand and they returned to the street. Here she gave him five bright shilling pieces.

"These are your first week's wages," she declared. "Every week I will give you five shillings. If you are very sharp and serve me better than I expect, I will make it a shilling a day."

"I would do anything for you," said Mike, counting his money and bestowing it in one of his pockets. "I could almost work steady to please you, ma'am."

"I don't want you to work in that way," said Lolette. "Come with me and I'll show you what I want of you."

She called a cab and, taking the boy with her, proceeded to Park Lane.

Alighting at a corner, the two walked slowly along, stopping at a point directly opposite Thorncombe House.

"Do you see that big house?" asked Lolette, indicating it with a forefinger.

Mike signified that he did.

"There's grand folks lives there," said Mrs. Dalyell. "A big lord, the Earl of Thorncombe. Do you suppose you'd know the house in the daytime?"

"Know it? I wish I had as much money as I'd know it!" replied the lad.

The house was not lighted. The two, the woman and the boy, were still standing in the darkness and rain, close under the park palings, when the door of Thorncombe House opened and Piers Dalyell appeared on the threshold.

He was clad in his great-coat and still held his hat in his hand. He was waiting for a hansom which the servant had ordered. A single gas-jet was burning in the hall, and its full glare rested upon his countenance, bringing out every feature into bold relief.

"What good fortune that we should see him!" ejaculated Lolette. "Watch that man, boy! Fix his face in your mind. Study it so that you would know him again anywhere."

The boy did as directed. Dalyell waited some minutes for his cab, then entered it and drove away to his club.

"Would you know him again, Mike?" questioned his patroness.

"Indeed I would, ma'am. I'd know him anywhere."

"This is the work I want of you, Mike, and it's honest work, mind. That man's name is Dalyell. He's a kind of hanger-on to the earl that lives in that house. I don't know this Dalyell as well as I mean to. I want you to watch him, to follow him everywhere, to every house he goes to, to every place he visits. Find out all he does. And every morning you must come to me at my lodgings and report all that you have discovered."

"And that is all you want for these clothes and the five shillings a week?"

"That is all. But you must follow him out of town, if he goes; you must see, if possible, whom he meets. If he sees any woman, you must tell me that. You must be sharp, Mike, for he is watchful. Is this a bargain?"

Mike assented. The work laid out for him was in consonance with his tastes.

"That is all, then. Now I'll show you where I live, so that you can come to me every morning."

They returned to the cab and drove to Varley Street, Camden Town. They alighted at Lolette's residence, and the boy fixed the address in his mind. Then he disappeared in quest of lodgings, and Mrs. Dalyell sought her own rooms, well pleased with her evening's work.

"It will do no harm for me to keep an eye upon Piers," she thought. "The more I know about him the better it will be for me."

Upon the next morning but one Mrs. Dalyell's spy presented himself at her lodgings and was sent up to her room.

His reports were exceedingly meagre. Mr. Dalyell had not emerged from Thorncombe House until noon of the previous day, and had then paid some visits. In the evening he had dined at his club.

"Very good," said Lolette, a little disappointed. "I shall expect you again to-morrow morning."

The next morning Mike appeared, but at a later hour. He looked tired, but full of news.

"There is something to report this morning, ma'am," he exclaimed. "I've been travelling. I've been on the railway for the first time in my life. Went third-class like a regular lad, ma'am. The way we wished through the fields was a caution. He travelled first-class—"

"Mr. Dalyell?"

"Yes'm. We went a long journey—two hours, ma'am, in the afternoon. We stopped at a place called Steventon, in Berkshire. Know it ma'am?"

Lolette shook her head.

"Thorncombe Manor isn't in Berkshire," she said to herself. "What was Piers doing there?"

"That's what puzzles me, ma'am," said the boy, just catching her words. "He didn't see me, though. Trust me for being sharp. He got off at Steventon, and went to a inn. I went there, too, and loinged around the door, like I was a Steven-ton chap, you see. Oh, my! wasn't it windy and cold and rainy! Well, it come dark, and Mr. Dalyell he gets a dog-cart and drives off in the rain, and never comes back till two in the morning."

"That's strange. Where did he go?"

"I wish I knew that myself. I meant to get under his trap, but the ostlers' eyes and the ostlers' lanterns were in the way. And afore I could get a chance private-like to slip under the cart he was off."

"I am sorry you didn't find out where he went. Didn't he mention to any one where he was going?"

"He said he was going to spend the evening with a friend. I crept into the stable and slept in the straw, so I heard when he came back. I heard one of the ostlers say as Mr. Dalyell had been there before—only he called him Mr. Ryve."

"He did, did he? This looks mysterious. Here's an extra shilling for you, Mike, and a half-sovereign for your travelling expenses. Mind you watch him closer and find out where he goes. I'd give something to know why he went to Steventon."

This visit of Dalyell to Berkshire was his second one, the particulars of which have been given.

The next morning the young spy's report was meagre, as it was also upon the two succeeding days.

Lolette began to grow impatient. The two weeks which she had assigned to Dalyell in which to prepare a home for her had expired and she had not heard from him.

A fierce anger began to burn within her against him. She meditated calling upon him at Thorncombe House, a letter to Lord Thorncombe proclaiming her marriage, and other bold and decisive steps.

She was thinking of her husband one afternoon, as she sat by her window, angry and sullen, when a cab drove up, and she alighted and ascended the house-steps.

Lolette did not stir. Her hair was frowzy and ill-kept. She wore no collar, but instead a profusion of jewellery. Her dress was of a garnet-coloured velvet, trimmed with gold braid and gold fringe, and she wore an overskirt of some flimsy material and light colour. She looked coarser and more vulgar than ever, and the brooding sullenness in her bold black eyes, as she turned her gaze upon the door, was not calculated to increase her charms.

Dalyell came up the stairs and entered her room. She did not rise, and he paused just within the door and met her gaze with one of bitter loathing and aversion.

"Well, Lolette," he said, forcing himself to address her, "as you see, I am here."

# CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. DALYELL pointed to a chair.

"As you are here," she said, "you had better sit down. Sitting is as cheap as standing."

Dalyell looked the door and approached her, taking a seat near her own.

"You do not give me a very warm welcome, Lolette," he remarked.

"I gave you two weeks in which to find me a home," replied Mrs. Dalyell. "The two weeks expired yesterday."

"And I am here only a day behind time. I have secured your house, Lolette. You can go it whenever you please. It is quite ready for you."

Mrs. Dalyell's eyes showed suspicion. She knew very well that since the employment of her spy he had done nothing whatever toward securing a house for her.

"When did you look for the place?" she demanded, harshly.

"I got upon the track of it a week ago," returned Dalyell, telling the truth. "I saw it advertized to be let cheap, and I went down and looked at it. I will suit you, I think. An old woman and her son have been living in it, but they were very poor and unable to pay the rent, and have had warning to quit. I engaged them, Lolette, to remain as your servants."

"If you engaged the house a week ago, why didn't you come and tell me of it sooner?" questioned Lolette, suspiciously.

"It was not ready for occupancy. I saw the landlord, and he promised to paper and paint it throughout and have it ready in a week. The old woman who lived in it had but a few sticks of furniture. I made her move these into the rooms she and her son are to occupy, and I sent down a van of furniture, which is to be your own especial property. Your whim to keep house has cost me a handsome sum, Lolette; but I shan't grudge it if you stick to your new quarters and leave me alone."

"Where is this house?"

"In Surrey, within thirty miles of London. There is a very pretty garden. The place is isolated—retired, you know—with no near neighbours. It is called Quarry Cottage. It is within three miles of a station on the London and Brighton railway."

"Quarry Cottage!" echoed Lolette. "Why Quarry?"

"Because it's situated close to the head of a deep chalk-pit. The pit was abandoned last year, being worked out, I suppose. This cottage has been occupied for years by the superintendent of the pit, and when his occupation failed him he was obliged to seek other quarters and new business. I have taken the cottage on a five years' lease."

"I don't think I shall like a place that is so lonely," said Mrs. Dalyell, discontentedly.

"Then I wish you had found a house for yourself. You are determined to like nothing I may deem suitable. Out of twenty places I looked at this was the best. Suppose you look at it, Lolette? I'll take you down in the morning, if you like."

"I can see it, I suppose. I am not obliged to live in it unless I choose."

"Then we'll go down in the morning. Be sure to

be at the station at nine. We'll have an early trip and be back in the afternoon. I won't stay longer now," and he arose. "I say, Lolette," he added, "couldn't you wear a black dress and a veil to-morrow? You'd look quite the lady, I assure you, if you would dress a little more quietly."

"I'll wear what I please," returned Mrs. Dalyell, with asperity. "You needn't dictate to me about dress."

Dalyell retired precipitately.

As he re-entered his cab he thought:

"It seems to me that for a man of my ability I find it hard work to have my own way with the two women I have in hand. Lady Redmond is mettled, full of spirit, like a blooded horse, impatient of the curb. Lolette is like a mule, obstinate, wilful, ugly. Between them both I eat a pretty figure. But it will go hard if I do not conquer them both."

The next morning, at the hour he had named, the ill-mated pair met at the railway terminus.

Mrs. Dalyell had acted upon her husband's suggestion and wore a black dress and a veil. But the dress dragged upon the ground and was dusty and frayed, and her velvet jacket looked rusty and the lace that trimmed it was torn in places and hung in festoons.

Lolette was incapable of neatness, and as she entered a carriage with her husband one would naturally have taken her for a newly engaged servant whom he was taking to his country-house.

The station nearest Quarry Cottage being small and insignificant, the mail and express trains did not stop at it. They were obliged to travel by the parliamentary train, therefore, and were nearly two hours in journeying thirty miles.

They alighted at Norbourn and procured a fly to convey them to their destination.

Lolette was more quiet than usual, and more observant also, noticing the country they passed, the houses and the few people with interest.

They turned from the well-travelled highway into a rutty track which led across a common that looked bleak and bare in the November light.

"This was the track of the quarrymen," explained Dalyell. "It has been little used during the past year."

Half a mile of travel upon this rough road brought them to Quarry Cottage.

Lolette had expected to find a dreary habitation, dull and lonely, and every step of the last half-mile of her journey had increased her anger against Dalyell for bringing her to such a place.

But Quarry Cottage proved to be a bright, snug, little stucco dwelling, with peaks and gables and fanciful chimneys, and with a rustic porch that Lolette fancied at sight.

It had been cheaply built, but every penny that had been spent upon it showed in the structure. There was plenty of what is called "gingerbread work" about the gables and porch, and this it was that specially attracted Mrs. Dalyell.

The garden was enclosed by a tall brick wall, a protection required by the place on account of its situation and loneliness.

A pair of tall wooden gates, painted green, were wide open, and the fly entered the garden and drew up before the porch.

The house-door was open also. Dalyell led his wife into the dwelling.

"The housekeeper expects us this morning, but she is probably in the kitchen, and we will explore the cottage before informing her of our presence," said Dalyell. "Now, Lolette, tell me how you like it."

The "wisdom of the serpent" seemed to have guided the schemer in fitting up the house.

Out of the three hundred pounds which he had received from Lady Redmond upon the occasion of his recent visit to her, he had repaid the sum he had borrowed of Lord Thorncombe's land-steward, and had invested every penny of the remaining hundred pounds in the lease of the cottage, a year's rent, and the purchase of furniture.

He was in debt to the tradesmen he had employed some fifty pounds, in addition to the sum he had paid them, but he was satisfied with the result of his labours.

Had the cottage been uninviting Lolette would have refused to live in it. He had formed plans to rid himself of her for ever. It was necessary to these plans that she should take up her abode at Quarry Cottage, and he had studied to gratify her tastes in every respect.

The little entry was quite plain. Dalyell showed Lolette into the parlour which opened from it.

It was a square room with three windows, with dazlingly white walls and gilt bordering at the top, with a carpet of scarlet and gold, chairs and sofas covered with scarlet rep, with much gilding about the woodwork, and with scarlet and gold everywhere, bright, glaring and dazling.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Lolette. "And ever"

thing is so new. I didn't know you had such good taste, Piers."

Dalyell smiled. He had not selected the furniture himself, but had given an order to have it "cheap but gaudy; something stunning in the way of colour."

The dining-room presented a combination of brilliant colours. A paper spread with life-sized peacocks in natural tints covered the wall. The carpet was of red, green and yellow; the chairs were covered with pale blue, the curtains were of orange satin.

Lolette expressed her pleasure in loud terms. Her bedroom adjoined the parlour and presented a rainbow effect.

"Now for the kitchen," said Dalyell. "Lolette, the housekeeper, the house-agent and everybody knows as Mr. and Mrs. Brown. You know how necessary it is for you to remain perfectly hidden from the pursuit of Mr. Keene. I hope you will keep the secret of your identity even from Mrs. Glossop. Upon this understanding I give you this house—for the period of the lease or for your lifetime, as you may like—and all that it contains. I will pay the servants their wages monthly. You have only to be happy here and let me alone."

Delighted with her new toy, Lolette gave her husband a kinder look than she had vouchsafed him since her discovery that she was not Miss Brown.

"I shall be contented here," she exclaimed. "It is pleasant even now. What will it be in summer?"

They went to the kitchen together.

As they entered it the housekeeper arose from a chair by the hearth and courtesied low to her mistress.

Mrs. Glossop, as Dalyell had called her, was a very tall and gaunt old woman, with a powerful frame, a broad, flat chest, a pair of brawny arms, and a hard and wrinkled old face, with thin lips and a pair of sunken eyes that looked burned-out. She looked strong as a man, wiry and active. There was something in her countenance that would have frightened one more versed in physiognomy than poor, ignorant Lolette and put them on their guard against her.

But Mrs. Dalyell, charmed with her new house, was inclined to like Mrs. Glossop. She put out her large hand and grasped that of the housekeeper, exclaiming:

"Ken and I'll soon get acquainted, old woman. I expect you to be lots of company for me. Do you know how to cook?"

"Yes, lady," answered Mrs. Glossop, respectfully. "Dike, that's my son, does the marketing, and I can cook equal to a Frenchwoman. I was under cook in a great house once, and I know the tastes of great people."

Lolette was pleased with that flattery.

"You and I'll be friends, I foresee, Mrs. Glossop," said she, with a laugh. "I like good living and plenty of it. Where is your son?"

The woman crossed the floor and opened a door leading into a kitchen garden. A young man was employed in piling up fagots of wood under a shed. He came in at Mrs. Glossop's call.

"Dike," said the housekeeper, "this is the new mistress. Mrs. Brown, this is Dike Glossop, my son."

The young man bowed. Lolette looked at him with undisguised aversion.

He was a hunchback, and of an appearance so repulsive that one could readily understand why he and his mother preferred this remote cottage to a residence in town.

"Is he your son?" asked Lolette, nodding her head in the direction of the young man, who glowered at her from under his brows as he noticed her look of dislike. "I'm afraid of humpbacks. Did you ever make a show of him? He looks just like a fellow I saw in a show once."

This coarse, unfeeling speech, so characteristic of Mrs. Dalyell, sent the young man out of doors in a rage. He slammed the door heavily behind him.

A quick gleam shot from Mrs. Glossop's burned-out looking eyes—a gleam of hatred for the woman who had so wantonly wounded the one being on earth she loved.

Dalyell smiled under his moustache. Lolette was playing directly into his hands. Surely his familiar demon must be helping him!

"Well, if he isn't touchy!" exclaimed Lolette, in surprise. "He's got a temper, that's certain! I like you, I don't object to his staying here so long as you keep him out of my sight. I can amuse myself sometimes by fancying that I'm a showman, eh, eh?"

With a little giggle she returned with Dalyell to the parlour.

"The place suits me, Piers," she announced. "I'll come down to-morrow and take possession. I must have a pony and chaise, and Humpy can drive me until I learn to drive myself."

"You will arrive, then, at this same time to-morrow, Lolette. I will tell Mrs. Glossop to have a luncheon ready for you."

Dalyell returned alone to the kitchen. The outer door was open, and he could see the housekeeper in the kitchen garden, endeavouring to soothe her son, who was in a frightful rage.

He joined them.

"Mrs. Brown will arrive to-morrow at the same hour as to-day, Mrs. Glossop," he said, quietly. "I would like a dinner or some sort of meal to be ready for her."

Mrs. Glossop's son growled some unintelligible words through his shut teeth.

"I hate her!" muttered the housekeeper. "She's no more feeling than a brute beast."

"You will keep to our compact, then?" said Dalyell, in an undertone. "Remember, the five years' lease, rent all paid, and the furniture and everything is to be yours."

"And revenge also upon a creature as darts to mock at my son," said Mrs. Glossop, in a suppressed voice. "We'll do your bidding, Mr. Brown, with all our hearts."

With a cruel smile on his hideous mouth Dalyell departed, and presently drove away from Quarry Cottage with his wife.

The Glossops, mother and son, looked after their new mistress with a glance of bitterest hatred.

"You came in to-morrow full of life, Mrs. Brown," muttered the old housekeeper, "but this day month your husband will be a widower! You little know what's before you in your fine new home!"

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE.

A GERMAN chemist observes that the sodal salt of vanilla should be found in the refuse liquor of the wood-pulp of conifers. Vanilla in a crystallised form has not yet been obtained in this way, but attention is directed to the possibility of the extraction of vanilla from the refuse liquor of paper-mills, where wood-pulp is largely used, proving a lucrative branch of industry.

SOLAR SPOTS.—Gauthier states that as the result of three and a half years of observations on the solar phenomena, by means of the equatorial of the observatory at Geneva, kindly put at his disposition by Professor Plantamour, he finds himself entirely justified in coinciding perfectly with the theory of Zollner as to solar spots being scorin floating upon the liquid, and possibly even within the denser, gaseous portion of the solar surface. They are apparently the result of cooling, depending on the radiation from the surface of the sun; and this explanation by Zollner is the only one that seems to him not to contradict both ordinary laws of physics and well-known facts.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.—M. Treve has submitted to the French Academy a new system of signalling, with the object of diminishing the frequency of collisions at sea. He proposes to employ a signal which will permit the officer of the watch, on perceiving a vessel at a short distance, to make known to those on board of her the task on which he intends to pass her, and that instantaneously. The method by which this is to be accomplished consists in the use of a green or red fire ignited by electricity, the means of joining contact being close at hand. The green fire would show that the helm is put to starboard, and the red that it is put to port. This is to avoid the danger of collisions through both vessels going on the same tack.

A DARNING MACHINE.—Imagine, ye mothers of large families, who ruefully contemplate dilapidated socks by the dozen, after the week's washing, with visions of strained eyes and tired backs floating across your minds; imagine a little apparatus infinitely more simple than the sewing machine, which repairs the hugest darn in much less time than we can describe the operation, and far more neatly than you can do it with all your years of practice. This is what it is. Two small plates, one stationary and the other movable, are placed one above the other. The faces are corrugated, and between them the "holy" portion of the stocking is laid. Twelve long eye pointed needles are arranged side by side in a frame, which last is carried forward so that the needles penetrate opposite edges of the hole, passing in the corrugations between the plates. Hinged just in front of the plate is an upright bar, and on this is a cross-piece carrying twelve knobs. The yarn is secured to an end knob, and then, with a bit of flat wire, pushed through the needle eyes. Then the loop between each needle is caught by the hand and hooked over the opposite knob, so that each needle carries really two threads. Now the needles are carried back to their first position, and, in so doing, they

draw the threads, which slip off the knobs through the edges of the fabric. A little push forward again brings the sharp rear edges of the needle eyes against the threads, cutting all at once. This is repeated until the darn is finished, and beautifully finished.

THE LAST CASE UNDER THE OLD APULICATION ACT.—Last week, a druggist in Greenock was charged at the police court with having sold two ounces of citrate of magnesia, which, on analysis, was found to be a preparation containing carbonate of soda, tartaric acid, sugar, sulphate of soda, and a small portion of citrate of magnesia. Mr. McGowan, public analyst, deposed to have found these ingredients in the sample he analysed. From the evidence of a number of witnesses called for the defence, it appeared that what is generally sold in chemists' shops as citrate of magnesia, consists mainly of carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, with a little sugar, and does not contain a trace of citrate of magnesia. Evidence was also given to the effect that none of the ingredients were injurious to health. The Public Prosecutor asked for a conviction, contending that there was no need to prove that the mixture was injurious to health. The magistrate considered the case not proven. It was the last case to be tried under the old Act.

## A SCULPTOR'S MODEL.

It is the invariable habit of a sculptor first to make his sketch, or small model, of the figure or group. This he does solely with his own hand, and from his own mind, and in making this no assistance is permissible. In this the action, the composition, the character, the general masses, the lines, the draperies, in a word, the whole creative part is achieved.

The details only are left unfinished. Some sculptors carry their small models much further on in details and execution than others, and in case a sculptor intends to intrust to others the putting up of the large model from this, he determines every particular.

The small model is then placed in the hands of a workman, who enlarges it by proportional compasses, mechanically, make a framework of iron and wire, and packs upon this the clay, following by measurement all the forms and masses, and copying it in large in all its parts. He gives the general form, and makes what may be called a large scale sketch of the small model. How much further he may go in his work depends upon the extent to which the small model is finished. If it is carefully thought out in all its details, his business is to imitate these as well as he can. The sculptor himself generally works with him in all these beginnings, though that is by no means necessary.

The work being thus set up and put into general form and mass, after the small model, the sculptor makes what changes and variations he deems necessary, sometimes entirely altering one action, distributing differently the masses, varying the composition of lines, and working out the details. From the time the general masses are arranged, the assistant is of little or no use, save to copy, under direction of the sculptor, bits of drapery arranged by him on a lay figure, or from casts in plaster of fragments from assura, or to render him, in a word, any mere mechanical service. All the rest is done by the sculptor's own hands. The assistant's work is purely preparation.

Nothing of the arrangement, or of the finish, or of the feeling is his, and, as the work approximates to completion, he becomes useless, and the sculptor works alone. Practically speaking, the assistant's work, being mere rough preparation, is invariably again worked over and varied in every part, often entirely pulled down and remodelled, so that nothing remains of it; and it not infrequently occurs that, after the first packing on of the clay, he is rather an embarrassment than a help, however clever he may be. If you pause to think for a moment you will see that, however well he may do merely mechanical work, it is impossible from the nature of things that he can divine the wishes or convey the spirit and feeling of the artist himself.

ONE of the tableaux of the "Voyage dans la Lune," which will be brought out at the Gaiety, represents a lunar landscape, after photographs of the satellite from the earth, which are exhibited in the promenade room of the theatre. This scene, called "Fifty degrees below zero," is the work of M. Cheret, and is said to be marvellously beautiful.

LEIBNITZ stated in 1715 he saw at Zeltz a dog which pronounced thirty words. In 1720 a dog was exhibited in Berlin which pronounced sixty words; its master, however, held the animal between his legs and worked the dog's jaws, to assist the emission of the sounds. Ordinarily "holding the jaw" is not tantamount to eloquence. The dog pronounced best the words, Elizabeth, coffee, chocolate and salad. "Bone" did not enter into its vocabulary.

# A POULTRY SPECULATION.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take a newspaper. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men "we wot of."

"You have hens at home, of course. Well, I will send you a paper for one year, for the proceeds of a single hen for one season; merely the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done!" exclaimed Farmer B—. "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness to the affair.

The farmer went off, apparently much elated with his conquest; the other went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said "he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information."

Some time in the middle of September I happened up again in the office, when who should enter but our old friend Farmer B—.

"How do you do, Mr. B—?" said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a grave smile; "take a chair, sir, and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B— hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractedly, and expectorated. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor, "Mr. D—, I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down, down to the waggon. I could hardly keep my visible quiet.

When at the waggon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which, on being counted, amounted to eighteen pence, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen eggs, making, in the aggregate, at the least calculation, more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper and paying for it, too. I don't miss this from my pocket, yet I have paid for a year's subscription and over. All folly, sir, there is no man but can take a newspaper; it's charity, you know, connections at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay for what is over the subscription. I did not intend this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay for—"

"Not a bit of it, sir, a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid for—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbour makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story. Good day, gentlemen."

## THE WHITE ROSE CHIEFTAIN;

OR,

## THE DISPUTED CROWN.

### CHAPTER VI.

LIONEL laughed lightly at the words of the duchess and replied:

"I will now leave you for a time, and lay aside a venture which scarcely befits such a scene as I found on entering."

With these words he bowed and retired, the duchess following him.

When they had gained the spacious chamber which was the pleasantest of the suite of rooms that had been appropriated to him the duchess sank into a chair, and said:

"I will wait while you make your toilet, Lionel, and then we will have a moment's quiet talk before you go down."

The young man glided from the apartment, and soon returned and paused near the noble lady. With his velvet tunic falling open in front to reveal a white waistcoat of white silk damask and a collar of the finest lace, his long pointed shoes caught up with silver chains, his flowing hair of that rich hue you find on a ripe damson, his broad brow, clear, dark eyes, and well cut lips, he seemed as handsome and stately a cavalier as one would wish to see.

The duchess surveyed him with fond pride, observing:

"You look little like the pilgrim who was ushered into my presence half an hour ago."

The young man smiled, and the lady went on: "I cannot tell you how welcome you are, my dear boy; if you were my own son, I could scarcely

love you more tenderly, and I have had many fears concerning you since you left us on your mad cap errand. But I cannot now stay to hear what has befallen you, and must take another day."

"Is my adopted father at Lardlow?" asked the young man.

"Yes; but he has gone to visit a man who fought under his command in his youth. The poor soldier has dragged himself hither that he might die with a comrade who has been in our service."

"And who is he?"

"Roger Grant."

"And the soldier—have I ever seen him?"

"Nay, I think not; he was exiled during the reign of Henry V. and has been an alien for ten years."

"I know where Grant's cottage is, though he is now a servant, and will go there to meet my father." "Have you anything important to communicate? If not, I think the ladies will scarcely feel disposed to release such a favourite cavalier."

"I am the bearer of important tidings," rejoined Richmond.

"Good or evil?"

"They are favourable to our cause."

"Then I will not detain you—go but listen back."

As she spoke she swept from the room; and the young man descended the staircase, and passing through a postern-gate, went forth into the night.

The north wind blew keen, but the sky was clear and blue, and though there was no moon, the starlight stars burned brightly in those boundless reaches of space.

Richmond had not gone far when he met a man of stately presence. It was the Duke of York, the heir presumptive to the crown of England.

"Lionel, Lionel!" cried the duke, "welcome, welcome home! I feared you would not reach us to-night, and Christmas without you would put us all in a most dismal humour."

"I have had a tedious journey, but an misadventure has befallen me; I donned a pilgrim's garb, and even the duchess did not recognize me till that old of a Bonibell declared I was Lionel Richmond, and need not attempt to deceive her."

"The eyes of love are keen, my boy."

"I trust she does not love me save as a friend," replied the young man, "for I have no heart to give her should she be in my keeping. But a truce to this—my mother told me you had gone to visit a person lying ill in Roger Grant's cottage."

"Yes, lad, and the speaker's face grew solemn; "for his Christmas morning will break and the Christmas chimes ring in Heaven. After a life of storms, of warfare, of bitter wrong, he has died in peace—there the weary heart finds rest."

As he spoke the duke removed his hat and stood with uncovered head, gazing into the serene sky above, where, beyond the stars in the beautiful city with streets of gold and gates of pearl, he trusted the alien had found repose.

Lionel followed his example, and for a time they stood thus, and then walked on in thoughtful silence.

Finally, however, the duke asked:

"Have you any tidings for me?"

"Yes."

And he placed a small packet in his hand.

"From whom comes the message?"

"From your trusty friend, Meredith."

"I will examine it when I am at leisure; and now tell me of yourself, Lionel. How fares it with the beautiful Lancastrian?"

"She has left the court, and is leading a quiet life with her invalid father."

"So I have heard, lad, but have you seen him?"

"Yes; habited as a pilgrim, I sought refuge from the storm at Beaufort Castle. I told the porter Lady Valencia was famed for her hospitality, and she did not turn me from the door, but ushered me into a warm, cheerful room. She, doubtless, intended to leave me to the care of the servants and hasten back to her father, but I managed to arouse her interest, her sympathies, and heart spoke to heart. As one far inferior to her in rank, I won her love, and had the joy of receiving the assurance from her own lips. The next morning I made a full disclosure of my real name, the fact I was your adopted son, and should give my influence to the White Rose of England! Do you approve my course?"

"It may not have been discreet, my boy, but it was honourable, and I do not know as you could have acted otherwise. But what is to be done?"

"We are to wait and hope, my father; mayhap Heaven will soften her father's heart towards the Yorkist, and banish whatever Lancastrian prejudices she may retain in spite of her love for a White Rose chief!"

He paused an instant and resumed:

"Not far from Beaufort Castle there lives a

peasant who is faithful to our cause, and when I stopped to change my pilgrim's vesture he counselled me to take my journey hither in disguise."

"And why?" and the Duke of York cast a quick, eager glance at his adopted son.

"Because, forsooth, he had learned that the king had been apprized of the game I played upon him when I assumed his Henry in Windsor Forest, and I might be arrested as a spy."

"Ah! say you so, lad? I must look to it you are not exposed to Lancastrian revenge!"

They had now reached the postern-gate, and while the Duke of York hurried to read Meredith's message in private, Lionel returned to the drawing-room and became the life of the gay party. When he retired to his chamber, a lad, who acted as a valet and page to the young man, and whom his attendant during his sojourn in Windsor Forest, came forward to offer his assistance. It was the same boy who had shrunk in apparent timidity from Valencia Lyndhurst, when he had brought the horses which were to bear her along the forest paths, and over the pleasant road leading to the castle.

"Are you glad to see me back?" asked Richmond.

"Oh, yes, sir, and I am not the only person whose heart bounds at the sight of you."

"What mean you, boy?"

"I was peering into the drawing-room when you arrived, and a lady there, the most beautiful in the world, I fancy, blushed, and smiled, and trembled, too, at your coming."

"Who could it be? I am all curiosity."

"Ah, you know as well as I—pretty Bonibell Seymour."

"And you call her the most beautiful lady in the world?"

"Ay, and you deny it?"

As he spoke two visions rose before the young man—Bonibell and Valencia. Both were young, both were lovely, but Bonibell was petite in form, with a restless little head, a profusion of jetty hair, a pair of dusky eyes, and a cheek which reminded you of the crimson side of a ripe pear, the glow blended so richly with the clear amber brown of her complexion. Valencia Lyndhurst, on the contrary, had a graceful stateliness of form, a fair face, a wealth of tresses "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," the tint of the peach blossom on her cheek, and the most changeable lips and eyes in the universe.

"What say you?" continued the page.

"That to me Lady Valencia is a thousandfold fairer!"

"Tush!" and the boy's foot beat impatiently against the floor, "old friends are better than new."

"What! have you not yet given up your prejudices toward Lady Valencia?"

"Nay, she is a Lancastrian, and I detest them, root and branch."

"And yet I love her with my whole soul."

"I am sorry for it," exclaimed the boy; "I would far rather have Lady Bonibell for my future mistress—she is fit to be the wife of a White Rose chief!"

"Never—never speak to me again in such a strain, lad; Valencia is dearer to me than my own life!"

"Forgive me, my master; I am sorry if I have offended you, but I have been sadly humoured and spoiled, the other pages say, by your great kindness."

The young man laid his hand lightly on the boy's head and replied:

"I shall lay up naught against you; I have always treated you with more consideration because you are an orphan like myself. Go, go."

"You are not angry with me, that you wish to be alone?"

"Nay, child."

The page bowed, and lifting his master's hand to his lips with a sudden gush of boyish affection; but as he disappeared, he muttered, "No good will come of falling in love with a Lancastrian lady."

Christmas morn dawned, bright and beautiful, and Lionel Richmond was awakened from the profound slumber which had succeeded his wearisome journey by sweet voices chanting beneath his window, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

He sprang from his couch and glanced down, saw the child singers below, their young heads garlanded with holly, and their upturned faces radiant with youth and hope.

"A merry Christmas to you!" exclaimed he, flinging open the window and showering a handful of crowns at their feet as they moved onward. Making a hasty toilet, he descended the staircase and found the dining-hall pervaded by the cheerful warmth of the yule log, which was all ablaze on the hearthstone; the wall gay with garlands, and the wassail-bowl ready for the spicy draught which was a pecu-



[THE ARREST OF RICHMOND.]

larity of Christmas in the olden times. Through the open door he could catch glimpses of the busy cook and the good cheer which seemed to occupy every mind, and now and then Bonibell's dusky face was reflected in the steel mirrors, as a lake reflects the bright wing of some passing bird. The dinner was a marvel of the cuisinière's skill, and when the wassail had been quaffed, Lionel Richmond set out to escort some of the elderly ladies to their homes a league perhaps distant. He had left them, and was returning to the mansion he had just left, when on a lonely road he found himself surrounded by a band of men-at-arms, closing about him like a phalanx of iron.

"Who dares molest a gentleman thus?" he cried, sharply, drawing the small dagger worn by cavaliers in full dress.

"I—and I have the royal authority," was the curt reply; "you are arrested as a spy, traitor to the crown, and a partisan of the White Rose. Come," and an officer, whom Richmond at once recognized as a Lancastrian bailiff, rudely seized his arm.

The young man defended himself for a time, but was obliged to surrender, and with fettered hands and feet was borne away. After a long, dreary journey through the first storm of winter, he was conveyed to London, and thrown in the Tower.

Hours dragged by, and the duke and the duchess retired to rest, thinking the young man would soon return; but there were two who were wakeful and anxious, and these were Harold the page and Lady Bonibell. Stationed at her window, she strained her eyes through the shadows to catch a glimpse of the gallant Richmond, and would fain have silenced the quick throb of her heart to listen for the sound of his hoof-beat on the paved avenue leading to the mansion while the boy started in pursuit of his master.

On, on he flew, peering into the gloom, and calling his master's name till he was to hoarse too utter it. He reached the place of Richmond's destination, and learned he left the ladies safe long before. Where, where could he be now? What had befallen him? Harold sank down faint and disheartened, and wept as a woman would in like circumstances; but he rose stronger for his momentary reflections.

"I will go on till I find some trace of him," he exclaimed; "if I am hungry I will beg; my bread; if I am tired I will rest by the wayside."

Finally he gained the little town where he had often been with the duke's family, and stopped to listen to the talk of a group of loungers gathered on the steps of an old chapel.

"What's the news?" inquired another, who had just joined them.

"By St. George! strange things have happened hereabouts. A party of the king's men-at-arms passed through the village to-day with a prisoner bound to the saddle of the foremost."

"Who was he?" and the lad leaned forward with breathless interest.

"Young Richmond, the adopted son of the Duke of York. It seems from the conversation I overheard when they stopped to take a glass of ale at the 'Raynesford Arms,' that he had served as forester to the king in order to play the spy."

The boy's slight frame shook from head to foot, and involuntarily he muttered:

"A pest on the Lancastrians!"

The loungers, however, were too intent on their gossip to heed his words, with the exception of one, who answered to Harold, and exclaimed:

"So I say, my lad. There was not a finer young man in England than Lionel Richmond; he always had a pleasant word for the poor."

"Hush!" cried another; "keep a more cautious tongue, for you may lose your head, Jack. The Lancastrians are in power, and we must submit."

"You are not to be called men if you act like cravens such a time as this," said Harold. "I am Lionel Richmond's second page, and I am not afraid to let anybody know how my heart aches for him, or how I hate the House of Lancaster! He came home to spend Christmas, and when he went to escort some ladies who dined at the duke's to Wellford Manor the king's men-at-arms were on the watch for him, I suppose. When my master did not return I felt ill at ease and could not rest, and at last started in pursuit of him. You have been the first to give me any clue to his fate, and I must drag myself to bear the heavy tidings."

There was something so sorrowfully majestic in his aspect that the idlers were touched, and he who had manifested Yorkist sympathies offered to share his last loaf with him, declaring he must be half famished after his long walk.

The page shook his head, and replied:

"I shall not want it; I can eat nothing till they know all at Ludlow."

The stranger wrung the boy's hand, and thus they parted, the lad retracing his steps to the Duke of York's seat, and the other resuming his work at the anvil.

It was late in the afternoon when Harold reached the duke's mansion, and stole like a shadow through the hall and corridors leading to the bower-room of the duchess.

Softly parting the arras, he gazed for an instant on the scene within; the embers glowed brightly on the

hearthstone, and the fire-shine flickered over the stately figure of the duchess, and the nervous motion of the white fingers, which, with her troubled eyes, betrayed her anxiety as to Lionel Richmond's fate; the restless little Bonibell flitting to and fro, and the other lady guests, who were all in a most dismal mood.

The next moment the page stood in their midst, exclaiming:

"Prepare yourselves for evil tidings, ladies."

"Why, what has happened?"

"The master has been arrested."

"For what crime, prithee?"

"He was charged with having served the king as a forester in Windsor Forest to carry out his own purposes, and those of the House of York. As a spy, a traitor to the crown, he has been seized by the king's men-at-arms and borne away to London."

"Heaven help him!" cried the duchess. "As he had reached us in safety, I hoped he might still elude their vigilance; but the poor lad is now at their mercy, and will doubtless soon be in the Tower."

"Yes, my lady—so the men at 'Raynesford Arms' told me."

A piercing shriek echoed from the corridor, and on the page darting a swift glance around the room he noted the absence of Lady Bonibell, and rushing from the apartment, found her lying senseless by the door.

"Poor girl—poor Bonibell!" moaned Harold, compassionately; "I do not believe Valentin Lyndhurst holds my master half as dear as she, or will grieve so deeply at his fate."

And lifting the petite form, he bore it tenderly to the window, which he flung open to admit a waft of fresh air. The breeze soon revived her, and as she gazed inquiringly into his face he murmured:

"You must have fainted, Bonibell."

"When and where?"

"I found you in the corridor when I left my lady's bower-room."

Boy as he was, he saw and understood the shiver which crept through her frame, and for an instant the impulse was strong upon the girl to tell him all, but pride kept her silent.

"You see how it is, Harold," she cried, beginning to practice the self-control which she afterwards maintained; "I felt such a keen sympathy with the duke, the duchess, and the rest of you, that it was too much for me, and like a foolish girl I swooned. Good evening."

And rising, she glided to her own chamber.

(To be continued.)



THYRA DESMOND;  
OR,  
THE MAIDEN OF THE LAKE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Happy are they, thus early blest,  
Sinking, so young, to dreamless rest,  
To wake no more.  
Save where, all earthly trouble past,  
The eternal home is theirs at last,  
Beyond Time's shore,  
Sleep after toil, port after stormy sea,  
Ease after war, death after life, doth  
greatly please.

"FAREWELL Erica, my sister, my child friend," said Lord Oranmore, entering the morning-room, to which he had now almost unrestrained access during the hours when the young mistress of Rosanne was free from the invalid rules that were laid down for much of her daily life.

It was the day after Sir Hilary's interview with Thyra Desmond, and the very morning when she had been so startlingly awaked by the harsh mandate of her patron to quit at once the protection of his house.

And Erica was even now secretly suffering from the consciousness of her own injustice to the young nurse from whom she had received such gentle kindness and tending, and also from the actual deprivation of her companionship during the last few but important days.

And now her sole consolation, ay, and the real cause of all this care and perplexity, was about to be removed, and then what could remain for her but desolation and misery!

She had nevertheless pride and womanly delicacy enough to attempt to conceal these feelings from her companion.

And the sudden start and the paling of the faint bloom which Hugh Oranmore's entrance had caused might well be attributed rather to the surprise of his unexpected entrance and still more unlooked-for announcement.

"Going?" she said, timidly, the low tones of her voice with difficulty steeled from the tears which were choking her throat's utterance. "When, and where, Hugh? I thought you would remain till—till you were strong and well. What takes you away?" she exclaimed, with a sudden jealousy in her mind that she could not altogether prevent from appearing in her very look, her eyes for a moment glistening like polished steel.

Lord Oranmore, however, was too utterly unconscious

of any possibility of her entertaining such feelings for him to suspect the real cause of her unwonted sharpness. He was more inclined to think it might arise from the pains which he knew did sometimes seize the delicate frame of the young girl, and plunge her into weakness even more alarming than her wonted helplessness.

"Are you ill, dear Erica? I am afraid I took you by surprise. You must not exert yourself to talk: I will leave you to be quiet and sleep a little," he said, gently. "I can enter into invalid habits far better now than I once did, you see."

"Oh, no, stay, Hugh, I am not ill. I was certainly a little surprised—perhaps I was dozing when you came in," she said, quickly. "But go on, I am right now. What makes you leave us so abruptly? Are you coming back again to Rosanne, or—"

"No, Erica, I think not. Indeed I may say I am sure I shall not," he replied, firmly. "I have done wrong to remain so long, I have risked my own happiness and, I fear, my honour by the visit, which was yet fascinating to me. Can you—but no, you are too young and innocent even to think of such things, unless they are prominently brought before you; you cannot imagine what ungovernable and rapid passion can do to drag on a man to sorrow and to rashness."

A deep crimson for a moment brought to the young girl's delicate, wan face the appearance of the richest bloom that her mountain rambles could have laid on the soft skin.

"I—I do not quite understand you," she said, with an attempt at a smile. "Do you mean that it is love or hate that is this unintelligible passion which I cannot comprehend?"

"Oh, certainly not hate," he replied, with a mournful shake of the head. "There is certainly no one here whom I could hate, Erica; but, alas! there is one whom I have been tempted to love, and I must conquer the passion or lose my honour and my self-respect for ever."

Erica's eyes were downcast as she listened.

Could it be that she was mistaken in her jealous pique, and that the viscount did begin to realize his position where she was concerned, and that he fancied it was wrong to love one so young and so helpless as herself—that he was betraying her father's hospitality by so doing?

"It is very sad, but perhaps you are wrong; perhaps it is not necessary, Hugh. Are you so sure this person does not care for you, or that you must not hope to be happy with her some time, if not now?" she faltered, in her soft tones, that wavered most touchingly in their low accents.

Lord Oranmore smiled half in amusement, as it seemed, and half in gratitude for the cheering sympathy.

"You are, as I expected, very sister-like in your interest in my trouble, dear Erica," he replied, in his turn; "but, alas! I fear I must not accept your consolation. There is no hope—none—none," he repeated, rather to himself than to his companion, "and I will be brave and accept my fate and learn to forget."

"Will you not tell me—will you not trust me, Hugh? I can—yes—I can understand you, and I will listen so patiently," she added, laying her hand in his.

He took her small fingers and pressed them with a brother's warmth and grateful affection.

"Shall I take your offer—shall I commit myself, Erica? and will you keep my secret, since there can be no use in publishing it to the world that I am a rash and vain idiot?" he added, with a bitter scorn of himself that was touching to the young creature who loved him with such precious but sincere affection.

"Go on. You would not say a word that I ought not to hear nor keep in confidence," she replied, with a sort of womanly dignity strange indeed at her tender years; "but illness and disappointment are rapid teachers, and force forward the mind and character far more than the warmest sunshine of prosperity."

"I accept your offer, Erica," he said, firmly, "and yet it is strange to talk to you, of all persons, on such a subject. But it may explain to you much that has appeared strange in me, and, I rather fear, may have brought blame on me, who am most innocent. Listen, then, and I will give you some idea of all I have done and suffered for the last few months. First," he added, with a kind of bitter irony, "I must confess I fell in what I considered a deep and passionate love for the handsomest girl in Dublin—ay, or perhaps in the kingdom—and an heiress into the bargain, which, truth to tell, is not a little desirable for me to consider in my choice of a wife. Then, after having fought a duel and nearly lost my life in the folly, I came here very much to push my opponent to the utmost, and to force the freedom and get the hand of the woman for whom I had already risked so much. I arrived here, I referred the matter to your father, and he perfectly agreed with me that I had full cause to insist on the entire submission of the man who had so nearly taken my life, though to say truth I did not trust my love miseries to his ears, as well as my resentful and very natural resolutions to assert my honour, and not endure so much, and let him go scot free."

"Well," said Erica, seeing that he paused, and her sick, desponding heart still cherished perhaps one last faint hope that after all by some chance the tale might revert to the result that would turn her sick agony to bright hope, and allow her to rest in hope instead of sinking in despair when Hugh had left her side. "Go on, Hugh—what came next?"

He hesitated. There is even more substance in true love to speak of its object or its feelings than when the passion is more transient or less cherished as the heart's dearest secret and treasure.

"It is hard to speak what may perhaps lower me in your estimation, Erica," he said. "You may think me a degraded idiot to dream of one so much beneath me or yourself in birth, or you may think me a light, trifling, superficial coxcomb to pass from one to another so quickly; but it must be told, if I am to explain myself intelligibly. Erica, you have your gentle abundant; you must see how lonely and winning she is, since I know you could not live without her in your worst illness," he went on, falteringly. "Can you then wonder that I also felt the charm that I yielded to it, and that I was in vain? She could not, she will not love me, nor listen to my wildest prayers. I believe—I am really sure—that her heart is preoccupied; but I will not betray her; I will not injure her dignity or honesty. It is my only safe course to leave her alone, to try to forget her, and if I can with honour and safety return to the woman I believed I loved once, and to whom perhaps I am in a measure bound—am I not right?—will you give me your sympathy, your word of cheering encouragement? Such a child as you will say, you are woman enough to sympathize with my grief and speak your meaning, if I may so call it, on my sacrifice."

There was a real woman's content in the girl's heart. There was a woman's sympathy in her nature as she listened to the agonizing confession—the cutting appeal that destroyed her every hope of happiness.

But what was to be the result? Was she to be just to Hugh and degrading to herself by refusing or even delaying a reply?

There was certainly a true heroism, so far as self-content went, in the cool firmness that dictated the answer that Hugh waited for so anxiously.

"You are doing right, I believe, Hugh, though I can scarcely venture to judge," she replied, "and of course I—hope you will be very happy in your new life. Tell me," she went on, "tell me, is it Lady Beatriz Clare you have learned to—I mean—whom you have been so much in love with?"

Lord Oranmore laughed outright.

"Well done, my little Erica. You are really quite up to all these things and quite worthy of confidence I can see, since you divine the truth so wonderfully," he said, with a desperate effort at some playfulness of manner. "Yes, I may as well make a clean breast of it at once since I have entered on the subject. It is Lady Beatriz, and whenever you see her you will confess there is no great wonder that she should catch any one's admiration, especially when she has rank and fortune into the bargain, while she—I mean Thyra—has neither one nor the other. But, pshaw! I am not going to speak of her again. If she ever marries or if she leaves you, then I can come again and we shall be as great friends as ever, my petite amie," he went on, "and then in a year or two you will be perhaps well again and ready to marry yourself, my dear little sister. It will be a happy man who wins you, and he will love you dearly from his very heart, Erica mia," he went on, as the sweet face seemed to vary and the beautiful eyes droop and flash and swell by turn in the most fascinating style that could have been even imagined by some more matured and skilled in woman's wiles than that child-girl could possess save by actual instinct and intuition.

There was a thrill through her whole frame at his words, a stronger agony at the touch of his warm, kindly fingers and yet more when he at length bent down and pressed his lips on her cold cheeks in token of farewell.

"Forgive me, Erica," he said; "it is but as a brother, as Brian might have done, and it may be so long ere we meet again. You will not forget poor Hugh in his absence?" he went on, half-playfully, "and I promise that you shall be the very first to hear and appreciate the end of all these griefs and struggles, as you have been their only confidante."

She tried to smile and speak, but the effort to pronounce words was only just more impossible than the attempt at a brighter farewell.

The tears gushed into her eyes, and as she drew away her hand it was moistened with the drops that ran unrestrained down her cheeks.

"Dear girl, you are indeed warm and loving in your sympathy," murmured the unconscious viscount. "How can I ever repay your sympathy, Erica, except by one day returning with interest the kindness

you have lavished on me? When your little heart is fairly won then depend on Hugh Oranmore as your most affectionate and interested brother friend."

And once again his lips lightly touched her brow, and then with the pressure of the hand that lingered long on the fingers that thrilled in the grasp he once again spoke the farewell and vanished from the room.

Erica lay there still and motionless, revolving in his heart all the past agony that she had just suffered as if to intensify and prolong its bitterness.

She recalled the past, with its miserable mistakes, its unjust interpretation of others' conduct and the result to which the vain blindness had led.

Thyra was innocent, justified beyond doubt or question. She had rejected him whom she had been accused of attempting to win. She had been the pursued, not the pursuer—the beloved, not the vain flirt, in all that had taken place at Ransome; yet she had been accused, coldly looked upon, banished from the place she had been so inspired to fill, and yet, even now, she did not know that the gentle nurse was ignominiously banished from the very precincts and neighbourhood of Ransome, was dismissed without one word or deed of kindness from those whom she had been good and constant to gladden and gratify at any cost of comfort or of friends.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

It might be considered as an ordinary circumstance that at the very moment that Erica Vesci was leaving with a trusting heart and a repentant memory to the confidante of one of the lovers of the Lady Beatriz Clare that beautiful address was occupied to an interview of a very different purport with the other gentleman in her hall.

It had been with a great wealth of thought, yet doubt, that she had heard the news of a long, unimpaired guest remaining in her dwelling, and she had consented to bring on the visitor, seated on the sofa, and Lord Ashworth, for it was he, brought perhaps almost as much agitation in his heart, albeit he succeeded, so far as possible, the full comfort of his spirit when he was about to turn into practice at once Thyra Desmond's precepts and his sense of honour and right.

It could scarcely fail to be a momentous interview between the cousins, one that took place after the long separation and the remarkable and terrible events that had taken place in the interval.

Gaston had risked his life, and in a manner from the coquetry of his fair betrothed cousin. And yet Beatriz knew and felt that he did not love her, and it might be that his name had been given to another of far less pretension and of far less attractions than herself.

There was an involuntary recoil from their greeting with the clasped hands and light caress that had usually followed each long parting, but Lord Ashworth did at last bend forward to touch the proud forehead of the heiress, and she in her turn did not altogether reject the salute.

"We are cousins at any rate, Gaston," she said, with a cold smile, as she drew back her hand, "and therefore, I suppose, privileged to such familiar greetings, but it has yet to be determined how far we are to bear any other relationship to each other, and I presume it is for that you have asked this special interview?"

"And for which you have granted it, Beatriz, I presume," he rejoined, calmly seating himself with the air of a man who had fully made up his mind to the course he would pursue. "I should long since have been here, save from a cruel necessity, as you must know, and now it is in some doubt and uncertainty I come to refer myself to your arbitration. How is Lady Kathleen?" he added, as if to postpone the evil moment or else to secure themselves from interruption.

"Oh, she is about as usual, perhaps better. I think she will be quite able to go to London when I make my debut there," replied the heiress, lightly. "But there is no knowing what may happen before then, eh, Gaston? You and I might be completely separated or also—"

"United for ever, is not that it, Beatriz?" he said, firmly. "Now let us come at once and for ever to that important question," he went on. "I said I should have referred it to you before, only that I could not offer you a hand on which a cloud rested or might rest. Now it is over—Lord Oranmore is recovered. I am to a great extent a free man again, and I am come to ask you to speak the truth, and tell me once and for all, do you refuse or do you feel prepared to be my wife, as we have so long anticipated might be the end of our betrothal?"

She gave an impatient little laugh.

"That is good, very good, to cast on me the onus of accepting or refusing when you know the penalty

of such a proceeding, Lord Ashworth," she said, bitterly, "and I ask you, as a man of honour or a gentleman, when dealing with your cousin, an orphan and your affianced wife, whether such a proceeding is fair or gentlemanly?"

"Yes, Beatriz, under all the circumstances it is," he replied. "You must know that you have trifled with me, that you have never frankly and fully confessed that you loved me or that you wished to free yourself from the conditional bond between us. And then you have so behaved to Lord Oranmore and myself that we had no alternative but to decide the point in the way we did. Beatriz, it was not right, nor honourable, nor generous of you, but still you are beautiful and rich and admired, and you may be excused for the vanity which caused the mischief. Still, the least you can do is to reverse the error and to be frank and open with me now. Can you love me, are you willing to be my wife, Beatriz Clare?" he said, once again, firmly, as he watched her quivering lips and the involuntary working of her hands, that spoke more than words how his words were piercing to her very heart from either vanity or penitence.

"That is, am I disposed to give you up the fortune that is at stake?" she replied, with an impatient little shrug and a laugh that was very hollow to its mirth. "You forget that I am not like most girls who refuse or accept a lover. I am either reluctantly giving all my fortune or else you may think I am taking you for the sake of necessary means. Gaston, it is no ordinary question you are asking, and you must not be surprised that I cannot at once answer you as any other woman might."

"Nonsense, Beatriz!" he said, scornfully; "this is no matter of doubt or even mystery. If you do and can love me you have now the full offer of my hand, and you ought not to hesitate when all is clear and so long known. If you do not, I shall know you are more for your father's estate, and I shall know how to meet it on my divorce."

The girl slowly did pause and tremble as if her life was at stake.

It was certainly what she had long expected and long desired to have this real and definite offer from her cousin.

But now that it was made at her very feet she recalled from it in pride and shrinking coldness. She knew full well that Gaston did not love her now, whatever he might once have done. She knew that she had forfeited his esteem by her coquetry, and that another sweeter and more feminine nature had won the heart she had resolved to demand rather than to draw, and that all that was left her was to accept the bond which would divide him from Thyra and bind him to herself for ever.

But then, on the other hand, she was well aware that the utmost stretch of Gaston's generosity would not extend to giving her one-half of her fortune, which was now hers by undisturbed right.

She knew that in refusing him she might also be giving a triumph to her rival by enabling her and Lord Ashworth to indulge a mutual affection at their pleasure.

Could she endure that? Could she bear the substitution of her rival in her place? Could she bear to hear that "Lady Ashworth" was then enjoying all that might have been hers?

Gaston's estates might soon be released by the share he might retain of the fortune to which she was now forfeiting her claims.

They would be happy, wealthy, distinguished in rank and, as she well knew, in beauty and attractions.

And she—the beautiful heiress, the envied betrothed—would remain with a pittance, for which she would be indebted to her cousin, and which might just secure the lover whom she would only venture to wed were she a portionless bride.

It was a rapid survey that she thus took of what might be the result of her decision, and it scarcely occupied more than the natural and maidenly hesitation that might well be supposed to delay the final answer to such a momentous question.

But it was not long in the mind of the earl.

In his mind every minute was like a reprieve that would favour his all of happiness left him in this weary world of disappointment and sorrow, and when at last her lips moved to speak his breast heaved as if he were the timid maiden, and not the bold suitor for the hope of love and beauty.

"Yes, Gaston, I will," she said, softly. "I will be your wife if you really desire it, if you will be true and loving to me, and not let any other come between us—may, do not frown—I am not jealous, I am too proud for that, and I trust you, as my near kinsman as well as a betrothed husband. But still it is for your peace as well as mine that we should forget the past—that we should learn to be devoted to each other, and let all else be as if it had never divided us. Will you promise this, Gaston?" she added, earnestly.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

"You, if you will believe and trust my promise," he replied. "I cannot bear to be suspected, Beatriz, and if you do doubt me, after I have given you my word as a man of honour that such shall be the case, and that no power shall induce me to deceive you, then it will be the knell of our happiness. I could never forgive that, Beatriz, never, and I warn you that such would be the result."

He looked so proudly noble as he spoke, he was so intellectual in expression, so manly, so high-bred in his bearing, that Beatriz could not resist the influence.

She recalled the weaker, inferior aspect and character of Lord Oranmore too vividly not to thankfully and instantly accept the test that would lead to her betrothal to his rival.

"I do believe and I will trust you, Gaston," she said; "and it were well that no more allusion to the painful past should be made. I will at once freely acknowledge that I am betrothed to you. That will, of course, prevent any more such agonizing mistakes and misapprehensions as have brought such trouble on us both. Thank Heaven that is now over and over."

"Not entirely, Beatriz," returned the earl. "I am still under a ban and restraint that cannot yet be shaken off. The warrant against me has never been withdrawn, and although I am, of course, free from the charge of any capital offence, yet still I have been formally disgraced with some slight punishment or fine. I am not a free man. I am now on parole, and could not leave Dublin without special leave; so you perceive I could scarcely venture to claim your hand as long as I am a prisoner and keenly watched man," he went on, with a sad smile.

"Well, that cannot be for long," said Lady Beatriz, impatiently. "You need not be at all afraid I shall shrink from the imposition of being engaged to a prisoner," she added, gently. "I hope indeed he will be a captive in my case, Gaston, soon enough."

Her playful tone was re-echoed, as far as was possible, by the newly betrothed husband.

But though Gaston was too generous and too true for him to wound his cousin's feelings by any lack of the kindly, lenient appearance that was her due, yet there was a sad restraint in his tone and words all unlike the free and genuine raptures of a newly accepted lover.

Perhaps Beatriz perceived the difference from the homage she usually demanded and received, for she suddenly changed the subject, so as to end the embarrassing interview.

"You have not seen Lady Kathleen yet, Gaston. She is waiting very anxiously for an interview with her favourite," she said. "I believe she will like you far better than my wilful self so soon as you are her true and lawful nephew, so as to permit such an attention to be accorded in her eyes. After all, she has as few old maidens in her ideas as many who are half her age. Will you come?"

Lord Ashworth readily assented, and, after a brief delay to prepare the invalid lady for his visit, the betrothed cousins repaired to Lady Kathleen's dressing-room with more alacrity than is usual in the first blissful moments of accepted and returned love.

The invalid was sitting in her large easy-chair, wrapped in a very becoming Oriental shawl, and with a flush of pleasure on her features that gave her the appearance of better health than Gaston had expected to see.

Gaston advanced to her with outstretched hand. "I am delighted to find you so much stronger and more blooming than I feared, Lady Kathleen," he said, taking the thin hand in his and raising it to his lips. But the old lady turned her cheek half affectionately, half playfully, towards him.

"I must have a mother's greeting from you, my dear lord," she said, sweetly. "This dear girl has been as my own charge so long that I feel as if she were my own daughter, and now that she tells me that all doubts and difficulties are over, and that my heart's desire is to be accomplished, I thank Heaven, from my heart, that it is so, my children," she added, solemnly. "And if it is all concluded before I die I can leave this world in peace."

There was a touching sweetness in that aged but feminine face—a falter in the manner and voice that had a far deeper influence on Gaston than Beatriz Clare's beauty and grace and proud endowments.

There was a moisture in his manly eyes as he reverently kissed the wan features, and a fervent pressure in his hand that spoke the honest gratitude and truth of his heart, at that maternal blessing, though his spirit sank within him at the view. It did seem that all was over now, since he was the betrothed husband of Lady Beatriz Clare, and he must think of Thyra Desmond no more.

"PAPA, papa, surely she is not gone! It is impossible. I cannot bear all this sorrow," was the wailing cry of Erica Vesel, when at length Sir Hilary ventured to break to her the fact of Thyra Desmond's departure.

For the lake maiden was gone; there was no doubt or hesitation more as to the course to be pursued.

Thyra had calmly, and with a dignity and openness that had no romantic folly or angry pique in its compound, made all the needed arrangements for quitting Rosanna.

She quietly wrote a brief note in reply to Sir Hilary's harsh mandate, without deigning any notice, or vindication of her conduct, and it simply acknowledged the receipt of the cheque that was due to her and requested that orders might be given for a proper conveyance to be supplied for her transit to the railway station. The sole implied reproach was in the conclusion:

"I shall certainly not wish to see Miss Vesel again as I believe the agitation might tend to injure her delicate nerves. But if she is ever in a state to know the truth, and to do me justice, I shall always be willing and anxious to say and to hear one more word of loving kindness and sympathy from one I have loved so well."

The sting did perhaps touch Sir Hilary to the core, but he steeled himself with harsh and selfish determination against the reproachful truth.

And, with the coldness of a Spartan, he coolly gave the requisite orders for a carriage to be in readiness on the following morning before Miss Vesel need be disturbed by any such work of preparation.

And it had been done.

The good old housekeeper had prepared to the utmost of her ability for the young lady's comfort in the journey.

Not only was the breakfast in the highest state of tempting luxury, but she had also provided her nourishments for her coming journey.

And Mike in his turn had arranged that the pretty creature should have in her journey all the safety and privacy she could desire as to the train and the carriage in which she should be placed, "if only because the pretty girl had done so much good to Miss Erica, and no one knew, deuce a bit, why she was turned off directly the young lord came."

Thus, the lake maiden had the harshness of her fate somewhat softened by the kindly hearts of the underlings, where the high-born and the noble were insensible to such human sympathies.

Yet, when the deed was done, when Sir Hilary had the news brought to him that the disgraced damsel was fairly on route for the distant town to which he was informed her ticket had been taken, his heart did fail him at the irrevocable step which had left his darling alone, without the tender care and sympathy that had been the very life-blood for her shattered nerves and weakened frame.

It was a just punishment that he endured as that despairing cry fell on his paternal ear.

"Papa, papa, is she gone?—what shall I do?"

Sir Hilary drew the girl down in his embrace.

"Hush, hush, my Erica! Do not break my heart. You know that she was injuring your best prospects and ruining your happiness by her wiles. She was designing and ambitious, my child; you were too true and simple and too pure for such a companion."

The girl opened her large eyes and gazed at him in half-incredulous questioning.

"What is it you believe of her, papa? What did she do? Why do you tell me this?" she asked.

"Because I know, my child. She tried hard to win young Oranmore, though it was my great desire that he should one day be your betrothed, and in due time your husband. It was her artful ways that destroyed this cherished plan, at least for the present," replied the baronet, still holding the girl to his breast and soothing her like a child by his caress.

She shivered involuntarily as she thought of the assurance that Lord Oranmore himself had given her, and which so entirely proved the crushed and slandered girl's innocence of such wiles and such unmaidenly boldness of thought and mien.

"Papa, forgive me; but it hurts me, it will kill me, if it cannot be undone." She shivered painfully, as her head nestled in his arms.

"Erica, darling, you are too sensitive, you believe all like yourself; it is not just to me if you speak thus when I arranged all for your sake and—mine," he added, in a lower tone.

Erica did not speak for some minutes, but the very motionless silence of her attitude, and her nearly breathless stillness were more terrifying than the most passionate plaints.

"What is it, love?—speak to me, tell me all; we are all to each other now, my child," whispered Sir Hilary, gently, in the ear of the prostrate girl.

It seemed to produce little effect, save by the convulsive clinging to his neck, which only added to the alarm which he had already conceived as to the result of this dangerous emotion.

"May I tell you? will you believe me, papa?" she whispered, in unnatural, calm tones.

"Believe you? Yes, indeed, if you were to tell me the veriest fables," he whispered, eagerly. "It would break my heart if you kept any secrets from your father, my heart's pet. What is it—what is it? Whisper it to your father," he said, with another tender kiss.

It was strange to see the contrast in that stern man's manner where this cherished child was in the question.

Erica obeyed with instinctive submission.

"Papa," she said, "papa, it is not true; she did not wish for Hugh; he went away because he loved her, and in vain—alas, alas!" she continued, eagerly, "and I am desolate now!"

She shuddered so violently that Sir Hilary could scarcely calm her in his powerful arms.

And, in spite of his most anxious soothing and his whispers of love oft reiterated the nervous convulsions continued to shake her frame to the very centre, till her every feature appeared distressed, distressed, by the paroxysm.

The baronet laid her down in an agony of terror, and flew to the bell with the rapid swiftness of one half his age, and then returned to the suffering girl, who seemed fast becoming insensible to his very presence.

"Send for the doctor—you—all—any one you can get!" he almost shouted as the summons was answered, "never mind who is quickest; let the best horses in the stable be taken, and no spur, no whip be spared. Send Mrs. Malone instantly!"

These orders were hastily obeyed, for their tone brooked no delay.

Ere it could have been deemed possible three horses were galloping in different directions from Rosanna, and before they could be aided Bridget Malone was in the apartment of the sick girl.

"Ah, woe is me, Miss Erica! It's sorrow—the death's stroke that's come over you. It's just her senses that are leaving her, Sir Hilary; and the first of her kith and kin that ever had the calamity. Alas, oh how? oh how!" she wailed, in spite of Sir Hilary's stern rebuke:

"I tell that you are, woman, hold that hooting, and see what can be done, or she'll die before our eyes," he said, sternly.

And assuredly the command was obeyed, for the worthy housekeeper deeply loved her young lady, and her utmost efforts were busily used to aid her alarming sufferings.

"And it's Miss Thyra we are needing. She was so gentle and good, and she loved my young lady to the very bottom of her shoe-ties," said the worthy woman as she pursued her untiring task. "Miss Erica, open your eyes, it's yourself that are killing your honoured father-in-law, that's what it is," she went on, pleadingly.

It was all in vain—all.

Move her at will, bathe the wan features with the coldest or hottest of applications, and it was of no power to move the unconscious sufferer.

She was not motionless, for still those convulsions continued to agitate her young and tender frame. But her eyes gazed vacantly around, and no voice or effort had power to attract her attention, and the weary minutes of time went on, till at length the sound of horses' feet was heard, and after some more seconds of terrible suspense the servant's half-knock at the door of the sick chamber heralded the entrance of a doctor, who was well known by report to Sir Hilary, though he had never been hitherto called into the household of Rosanna.

"Dr. Sullivan, save my child and no money shall be too much to prove my gratitude," said the baronet, in a voice that breathed the very depths of despairing grief.

"I will try—I will try, Sir Hilary, the utmost of human skill, that I can bring to your aid," was the earnest response, and then the physician knelt down by the couch and began to examine the young sufferer.

It was a prolonged investigation, and Sir Hilary's utmost self-command was taxed to preserve the necessary silence as it went on. But though his keenest efforts were used to read Dr. Sullivan's features as he pursued the inquiry it was an inscrutable look, till at last the doctor rose from his knees and beckoned the father from the bedside.

"Sir Hilary, I grieve to say that it is a very bad case. I greatly fear it will prove to be one of the most severe attacks of epilepsy, and one sub-

joined to a most delicate frame, which I fear is unfit to bear the shock," he said, in gentle but firm accents.

"Go on—what next?" was the nervous reply; "what occasioned it? what will cure it? The whole estate I possess, if you will, shall be the reward."

"Alas, alas, my dear sir, money is needless, save, indeed, to command the wisest skill that can be had, and which I shall gladly call to my aid," was the response; "and as to the cause, no doubt some great and sudden mental shock has been the immediate agent, though, so far as I can understand, there has already been a very prolonged nervous derangement which needed the very utmost quiet and care. Who has been the attendant of Miss Vesci during this time?" he went on to ask.

If the infliction of a pang on such a sensitive and loving nature could avenge Thyra Desmond surely she might have been satisfied at that moment.

Perhaps Sir Hilary would have resented the suffering as part of the injuries he received from that innocent and unconscious girl under other circumstances than the present; but that suffering girl, that grave, earnest man, and the forebodings of his heart were too powerful for such self-deception.

He was bowed even to the very dust as he replied, briefly:

"A young person who I thought had better terminate her services here, for she was rather beginning to take advantage, I presume, on her privileges here, but I had no idea she would be at all misled by my daughter, who, in truth, appeared somewhat weary of her services. You surely do not suppose that had anything to do with this attack, doctor?" he added, in a tone which certainly pleaded for a negative assurance.

But Dr. Sullivan had too much at stake for any deception at that moment, and he coldly and briefly replied:

"If she is to be found you had better recall her, Sir Hilary. I should decidedly prefer that this young lady had the care of those who were accustomed to wait upon her in other cases. In the meantime we will take all the means in our power for recalling your daughter to sense and life," he went on, moving over to his patient with the air of a man who was accustomed to be at once understood and obeyed and who lost no time in needless argument.

But how was it to be accomplished?

Sir Hilary quietly left the room in search of Mike, to whom the task might be confided for the searching out of the exile's track, and in a few words conveyed his orders to the wondering ear of the scared and loving retainer.

"Ochonel, ochonel and it's myself that does not know where to send nor to go, Sir Hilary," was Mike's response. "Miss Thyra went off by the train to Belfast, and I expect she was going farther still, for she would not have her luggage directed to any place in the city. Ah me! ah me! it was an evil day that she ever left Rosanna. But I'll find her if she's in all Ireland, Sir Hilary," he went on, scratching his head in almost comical perplexity.

The baronet gave him a few hurried directions and carte blanche as to means and money to be employed, and penned a few urgent, heart-broken lines to the absentee, should her destination be found, albeit even then his pride rose in arms and he could almost have dashed the despairing lines that had just emanated from his more agonized paternal feelings.

But even as he held the sheet in his hand and his eye glanced over it ere he consigned it to the messenger, a cry of distress broke on his ear such as rarely deceives those who have once listened to its wild, pleading plaint, its passion of hopeless woe.

Sir Hilary literally staggered as he tried to leave the room. He knew it but too well to be the Irish wail of the dead.

(To be continued.)

#### WONDERFUL MEMORY.

In an old book of Biographical Sketches I find the story of John Franklin, born in Canaan, Litchfield county, Conn. An instance of his remarkable memory, when only fifteen years of age, will show his mental powers in that direction.

The meeting-house where the family worshipped was a mere shell, being neither ceiled nor plastered, with the beams and rafters all exposed. On a certain Sabbath John looked not at the minister, but sat gazing up at the bare ribs of the building. On the return home said the father:

"John, it is my duty to give you a severe flogging, and you shall have it after dinner, so be prepared."

"But," said John, "you won't whip me without telling me what it is for?"

"No, certainly. Your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon you

were all the time gaping and staring around as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting-house."

"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"

"Repeat it?—No. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."

"If I'll tell you all the minister said, you won't whip me?"

"No, John, no—but that is impossible."

Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse went through every head and division of it with surprising accuracy.

"Upon my word," cried the delighted parent, "I could not have believed it possible."

"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you exactly how many beams and rafters there are in the meeting-house."

S. C.

#### ALL FOR MONEY.

NEAR the close of a lovely afternoon in June a long train of railway carriages stands in the station of —, a little town in the North of England.

Into one of these carriages, just as the train is about to leave, the guard assists a young and lovely girl, a child she seems, at first sight, so slight and small of stature is she. But her face, bright, piquant, and laughing though it be, is not that of a child.

The compartment is full to unpleasantness, for at this season of the year all that can do so are leaving London's blistering streets for cool country seats or fashionable watering-places.

One seat alone remains unoccupied, and that beside a young, handsome gentleman, who is, figuratively speaking, buried in his newspaper.

The lady is left no choice save to seat herself here. This she does, settling her wraps about her as comfortably as possible, and tossing her travelling-bag into the rack above her head, as her vis-a-vis does not offer to assist her, but, instead, frowns rather crossly at the disturbance and sinks even farther into his paper.

"The old bear," pouted pretty Clara Vernon.

"He doesn't know what politeness means."

"What a troublesome, noisy child she is," thought the gentleman.

But the girl seemed bent on mischief. She could not restrain her natural propensity for fun.

She leaned forward, ostensibly to settle more a refractory article of attire, but at the same time dropped a heavy book which she held on the gentleman's immaculate boot.

Evidently the boot contained a foot, for it was hastily withdrawn, though the handsome martyr spoke not a word, only the frown on his brow deepened a little.

For a few moments Clara tried to read, but never before had she been treated in so calm, so cool a manner, and it piqued her vanity not a little.

"I will make him speak," she thought.

She shivered a moment, as if from the air that blew in at the open window, then rising, she tried to reach the pretty traveling plaid which had followed the bag into the rack above. But, as she knew before attempting it, she could only reach the fringe of the shawl.

A mild little pull effected nothing. Then a tweak, with the same result. A violent jerk, and the shawl fell—where? On the head of the gentleman by her side, the folds completely blinding him!

Clara sank into her seat, overcome with laughter, and the success of her experiment.

The stately Mr. Ashburton drew the shawl from his flushed countenance, to find the occupants of the carriage smiling broadly, and his little neighbour convulsed with laughter. He gravely laid the wrap on the seat beside her, saying only:

"Little girl, you are exceedingly careless. Your mamma should not allow you to travel alone."

She blushed roily, but replied:

"And you, little boy, are exceedingly ill-mannered. Your mamma should teach you better."

With a heavier frown than before, he turned back to his newspaper, and she, throwing side-glances at him, secured at length his picture.

Six feet high, with shoulders proportionately broad. A grand head, and a wealth of troublesome chestnut curls. Deep, hazel eyes, tender eyes they could be, and a firm, handsome mouth, shaded by a silky moustache.

All this my lady saw, and it pleased her. But she determined to show this handsome, lordly man of the world that not every woman would fall down at his feet and worship him.

The ride was a tedious one to both, and both were relieved when at length it was over. Clara left the carriage with one parting side-glance at her companion, saying to herself:

"I wonder if I shall ever see him again?"

But he was soon forgotten in the pleasure of meeting her old school-friend, Kate Durante, with whom she was to spend a month of the warm weather.

As the carriage rolled smoothly along toward the delightful country-seat of Sir Harry Durante the two friends chatted busily, endeavouring to tell of all that had happened in the two years since they parted as school-friends.

"And so you are not married yet, Clara!" exclaimed Kate. "Why, I thought you would have been Lady Somebody by this time!"

"The fact is, dear," replied the pretty Clara, "that I am not left a free choice in this matter at all. You know I have been brought up to believe myself sole heiress to all Grandfather Vernon's estate. But when I came home from school, and went to live with guardy, I was informed that, by a clause of the will—I can't explain it, for I never did understand their old papers—I was to marry my third cousin, Paul de Lacey. If I do not obey this I lose the entire property."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Kate, who had listened with much interest. "And have you ever seen this cousin?"

"Never."

"Does he know of the will; and is he ready to fulfil his part of the engagement?"

"Yes, he knows of it; and, of course, he'll marry me for my money. He is coming to Sunnyside to settle everything, when I go back, next month."

"Dear me," said Kate, laughing, "how provoking! To tell you the honest truth, I had other plans for you. I believe I wrote you that you were not to be my only visitor. We have made up quite a party. You are nearly the last. One more gentleman I do expect. In fact, I looked for him this evening, but I see he did not come. He's just splendid, Clara, and I did so hope you two would fancy each other."

"Well, Kath, dear, you'll have to give over your match-making, for I have promised to marry my cousin, and 'an oath's an oath,' you know."

As Clara said this, gaily, the carriage turned into the broad "approach," leading to the manor-house, shaded on either side by lordly elms, and, soon after, our pretty heroine found herself seated in a cool and dainty chamber, enjoying the delightful view from the window.

Fatigued by her long journey, Clara did not appear at dinner that evening; but the next morning she descended, as fresh and as lovely as ever.

As she entered the breakfast-room Kate met her and introduced the guests who stood near. Then, turning to a gentleman deeply engaged in a political discussion with her father, she said:

"Mr. Ashburton, allow me to introduce to you my old schoolmate, whom you did not see last evening. Miss Vernon, Paul."

The gentleman turned, and Clara met the deep brown eyes belonging to her acquaintance of the previous day. The recognition was mutual, and both seemed for a moment confused, but quickly regaining their composure, bowed politely.

"Papa," said lively Kate Durante, at the breakfast-table, "Paul says he came here by the afternoon train yesterday, but was obliged to go somewhere on business, which accounts for the truant's late arrival last night." Then, turning to the gentleman himself, she added:

"I hope you had a pleasant journey, Paul?"

"I must confess to the contrary. The carriage was unpleasantly full," was the reply.

Pretty Clara bit her lip until it bled, and vowed, inwardly:

"He shall repent that remark."

Breakfast over, the company sauntered out into the broad, cool hall, and into the vine-shaded verandahs.

Ashburton was just about to draw his host into a farther discussion, when Lieutenant Akenside, strolling up, said:

"Well, Mr. Ashburton, we go on a trip to Devil's Dyke this afternoon, but just at present the ladies propose a game of croquet. Will you join?"

Not waiting for an answer, he turned and said:

"Miss Vernon, may I have the pleasure?"

She slipped her little hand through his arm, and walked, chatting meanwhile, to the croquet-ground.

"Really, sir, it is so long since my last game that I fear I have lost the art entirely."

Paul Ashburton, just behind her, bent his handsome head, and said to the lady on his arm:

"It requires a certain temperament to play this game scientifically."

Wayward, saucy little Miss Vernon, had more character than Paul gave her credit for; and, hearing his remark, which she was quite certain he intended her to do, resolved immediately that she would astonish him.

She stood, leaning gracefully on the dainty mallet, awaiting her turn. It came, at length, and she gathered the balls of her own side together, and gallantly assisted them on their journey, making sad havoc among the forces of the enemy, and never pausing until she had touched the turning stake, and started on the return journey. And yet she did it all so quietly, and so gracefully, that she was immediately put down best-stroke by all the gentlemen, and envied accordingly by all the ladies.

She did not once glance at the rather discomfited Paul until, passing him once alone, the temptation was too great, and turning with a saucy little toss of her head she said, in a demure voice:

"It takes a 'certain temperament' to play this game scientifically, you know, Mr. Ashburton."

After dinner, the carriage drove round to take the party to "Devil's Dyke."

It so happened that nearly all the gentlemen had engaged their companions the day before, and so Kate Durante, coming to Mr. Ashburton, said:

"Now, Paul, you will take Firey and the phaeton, and drive Miss Vernon, won't you?"

"Thank you, Kate; but I prefer your company. May I have the honour?"

Kate laughed; but saw no better way than to submit.

"I'll be back in a moment."

And she ran away to find other company for Miss Vernon.

"You bad boy. Why didn't you take Clare, as I wanted you to do?"

"Clare?" said Paul, inquiringly.

"Miss Vernon, I mean. She is lovely."

"Excuse me, my dear Kate, but I really do not admire the young lady in the least. She's not my style."

Kate was disappointed, but had the good sense quietly to drop the subject.

Having reached the dyke, a charming place, the merry party rambled up and down its steep slopes, and admired the extensive expanse of scenery until wearied; and after a dance on the smooth sward beneath their feet, rode gaily home by moonlight.

The next day was spent much as usual; lounging about, reading novels, and whiling away the moments with friendly badinage.

Fanny Pierson buried herself in a novel. One of the "lost arts" Captain Ferde called her. Miss Cleveland and Kate betook themselves to their rooms to write letters. Major Camden and Philip Grainger went shooting.

But pretty Clare Vernon declared she hated books, and couldn't be induced to write letters, so she flirted with Lieutenant Akenside, and was content.

At length a game of billiards was proposed. Ashburton determined to make himself a universal favourite, and, withal, almost piqued at the lieutenant's privileges, approached with a graceful bow, and said:

"Miss Clare, may I have the honour?"

She drew herself up haughtily, and replied:

"My name is Miss Vernon, sir," and, coolly slipping her hand through the lieutenant's ever-ready arm, she walked away, leaving Ashburton mentally raging.

That evening Sir George Halrod's ball claimed the attention of the Durante party. It was really the "affair of the season," and the ladies vied with each other in bewitching toilets.

This time Alice de Launey fell to her hero's lot. But he was accustomed to pretty, insipid little girls like his companion, and paid no more attention to her than he thought positively necessary, until Miss Vernon entered the room with Lieutenant Akenside. Then he directed all his attention to Miss de Launey and made himself so fascinating that the poor child's head was nearly turned.

Once only did he glance at Clare Vernon. She stood surrounded by a score of gentlemen, seeming to possess the happy faculty of entertaining all, without devoting herself to any one.

She wore a heavy, pure white silk, worked with threads of gold, and over its surface, in rich profusion, lay wreaths and falls of blue corn-flowers, while the delicate foams of lace were caught and held with wisps of straw, wrought by some artist hand. On her fair neck and arms gleamed elegant diamonds, and in the largest of these stood, cut in turquois, Cupid with arrow drawn.

Paul looked in silent admiration at the beautiful creature, and the still more beautiful form within it, fearing that, at a breath, the lovely vision would vanish, the dream fade.

Suddenly he remembered it was only saucy little Clare at whom he was gazing, and, with a wearied expression, he turned to his companion:

"Will you wait, Miss Alice?"

With a gratified smile she assented, and he found himself flying down the room with Miss de Launey.

The evening was over at last, Ashburton rode silently home, with a queer feeling of dissatisfaction somewhere about the region of his heart.

The days flew merrily by after the night of Sir George's ball. The hours were spent in picnics, drives, parties, private theatricals, and masquerades. Not a moment was left unfilled.

One evening, as Miss Vernon sat by her open window, gazing rather sadly on the stars, a knock was heard at the door. She expected to see Lizette, and rose to unlock it; but there stood, smiling, Kate Durante.

"Clare, dear, I've come to visit. I have hardly spoken to you since you came. It's a shame, for I have anticipated your visit so long."

Kate sat down, and Clare laid her head, covered with its golden brown tresses, in her friend's lap.

Silence prevailed for a few moments, broken at length by Kate.

"Clare, how do you like my friend Paul Ashburton?"

"I don't like him at all," replied Clare, vehemently.

"I think he is ungentlemanly and unkind."

"Oh, dear!" sighed gentle Kate. "Whatever possessed you two to take such a dislike to each other I can't see!"

"And so he dislikes me, does he, Katie? I am happy to say his opinion is of very little moment to me," she replied, haughtily. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, so common to natures like hers, she burst into tears.

"Dear Clare, what is the matter? Are you ill? Do we not take good care of you?" asked Kate.

Clare raised her head and dashed the tear-drops from her eyes.

"No, no, Katie! Nothing is the matter, only I'm a silly little goose. Let's go down. And don't, please, tell any one how I've been acting."

So these two friends, with locked arms, as symbolic of the tie between them, went gaily down the broad old staircase, and met Lieut. Akenside at the foot, inquiring for Clare.

As soon as her sweet face appeared he bowed, and said, gallantly:

"Miss Clare, I have been looking for you everywhere. We wish your opinion. We are agreed upon a moonlight sail out on the lake. What do you say?"

"I say, that of all delightful excursions, this is the best," answered Clare, enthusiastically.

"Very well. Ladies, we shall be ready in exactly fifteen minutes."

For a few moments all was bustle and excitement; then, for a while, silence reigned supreme.

Miss Vernon summoned that marvel of deft fingers and ingenious brains, Lizette, and proceeded to make her toilet.

In twenty minutes she was ready, and appeared in the hall below in a bewitching suit of dark, sailor-blue. The sunny locks were let free, and hung in dancing curls all over the shapely head. On these was perched a tiny sailor hat. She was altogether a bewidderingly lovely little picture.

So thought Lieut. Akenside, as his eyes followed her with a look which would have made her flush rosy had she seen it. And even Paul Ashburton acknowledged "She has a beautiful face."

But the other ladies coming down at that moment, he secured a companion in Miss Lanville, and, drawing her hand within his arm, had the pleasure of walking directly behind the lieutenant and Miss Clare, the latter throwing so many sweet, shy words, and glances too, at her companion that more than once Paul found himself listening to her raillery and forgetting the lady by his side.

A few moments' walk brought them all to the beach, and the two velvet cushioned boats being brought from their moorings, the ladies were settled in them.

Paul, Maud, Lanville, Miss de Launey, Phil Grainger, Lieut. Akenside, and Vernon, occupied one boat, and the rest the other.

Handsome Paul Ashburton, the oars lying idly in his hands, sitting with his hat thrown off, the wind and the moonbeams playing through his hair, and the outline of his splendid head plainly marked against the background of silvery waves, thought he had never seen Clare Vernon in so bewiddering a mood. She laughed and sang, and the sweet sounds rippled away over the water and died in an echo on the opposite shore. She drew Lieut. Akenside into a discussion, and was so witty and sparkling that he fell back in dismay. All were silent, to listen to her brilliant repartees.

She sat in the bow of the boat, now leaning to one side, for a glimpse of the shadowy vessel in the water, now the other for a stray lily floating on the surface, dashing the water about with her small white hand, and gleeful as a child in the beauty of the night.

Suddenly "Be careful! You will be over!" shouted, Phil Grainger. His words were well-meant, but untimely. Startled by the sudden exclamation, Clare lost her balance, and then—a flash of bronze-brown hair, a gleam of blue boating-dress, then only the little ripple going round and round on the surface.

"Oh, somebody save her! I will protect the ladies!" shouted the lieutenant.

Without pausing to inquire from what danger the gallant lieutenant would "protect the ladies," Paul Ashburton sprang into the water.

Down once, and up again, with no success.

Lieutenant Akenside wrung his hands in distress, but was too much of a coward to risk his precious life even for the woman he loved.

Again Ashburton rose, and this time a gleam of golden hair met his eyes, and in a moment he was up again with the senseless, beautiful face of Clare Vernon resting on his shoulder.

He well knew the danger of attempting to carry his burden to the little boats, and with his disengaged arm he did his best to reach the shore.

But it was hard work. His water-soaked clothes were heavy.

He looked down at the fair white face on his shoulder, and suddenly, like a revelation, it came to him.

"What would life be worth without her? Heaven give me strength to save her."

The boats had come ashore. The ladies were, some of them, fainting, some in hysterics, but most of them watching, with breathless interest, the manly form battling its way through the water.

A moment more, and with his precious burden, Paul Ashburton had reached the shore, utterly exhausted. Laying Clare gently down, he said:

"Take care of her quickly, for Heaven's sake! Don't mind me."

It was a sad ending to a merry day. As Clare was carried to the house Paul walked beside her, and acknowledged to himself that while he had been so persistently and ungallantly quarrelling with her he had learned to love her with a love stronger than life.

As soon as Clare was safely in bed, with the doctor watching; her, and administering restoratives, Paul went to his room, but not to sleep.

Kate came to his door.

"Have you everything you want, Paul?"

"Everything, Kate. How is Miss Vernon?"

"Safe, thanks to your noble conduct. Indeed, a few days' rest is all she needs, the doctor says. You shall see her in the morning. Good night."

"Thank Heaven!" was the low prayer Paul Ashburton breathed all through that long, still night.

True to her word, soon after breakfast, the following day, Kate came to him, and said:

"Now, Paul, you may come. She wants to see you."

Leading the way, Kate pointed to Miss Vernon's door, and then discreetly left.

Miss Vernon was seated in a deep, sleepy-hollow chair. She wore a soft, mouse-coloured wrapper, with rose-trimmings, and her pale face and lovely hair offered a striking contrast to the dark velvet of the chair.

As Paul entered she rose, and, holding out her hand, said, simply:

"Mr. Ashburton, can you forgive me? I have been altogether in the wrong, and I beg your pardon. And—and—I can never thank you—!" And she burst into tears.

Paul felt that he must do something, and, without pausing for thought, he bent, and pressed his lips to the fair head bowed before him.

Then, frightened at his own daring, he quietly left the room.

The blushing face came up from the laced-handkerchief the moment he was gone. She was very angry. Of course she was! And yet she could hardly feel as much so as she ought.

Three days passed. One more, and the party that had spent so many happy hours under the hospitable roof of Sir Harry was to break up.

This last day was to be spent in rambling among the ruins of an old castle, some miles from the Durante manor-house.

Miss Vernon, who had kept her room, declared herself perfectly well and fully able to go.

Paul had not seen her since the morning when he retired from her room in some confusion. Meantime, many bunches of sweet, blue violets and forget-me-nots had found their way into her chamber. Whose souvenirs these were she did not know, but laughingly gave the honour to Lieutenant Akenside, though she blushed as she said it. With the last tastefully-arranged bunch came a delicate card, bearing these words:

"Will you forgive me and allow me the pleasure of your company?"

At that moment Lizette entered with another card, which she laid on her mistress's lap. "Compliments of Lieut. Akenside, and would she honour him?"

This was enough. She had become thoroughly disgusted with the cowardly Lieutenant, and a dainty little embossed card was sent to Paul Ashburton, containing only two words, "I will," and another to the Lieutenant, "Excuse me."

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. Never before had Clare Vernon taken such pride in her own beauty. Lizette raked her brain for some new mode of hair-dressing.

At length the toilet was complete, and bewilderingly lovely it was. A dress of silver-gray velvet, strewed with tiny Roman pearls in flowers, looking as if the breath of the summer wind had fallen and lodged there. A scarf of pale blue silk, and a hat of the same, relieved the picture.

Paul was enchanted as he assisted his companion to her seat and took his own beside her. The ride was a silent one, for both felt strangely ill at ease with each other. Even the pleasure of rambling among the lofty rooms and grand old hall of the deserted castle was marred by the thought that on the morrow they were to part—perhaps for ever.

At length a game of hide-and-seek was proposed. "You see," said Lieut. Akenside, "it will be very romatic here, in this haunted dwelling, for, of course, it is haunted! Only be sure and don't any of you get shut into a closet with a spring-lock, as did the famous lady of the song."

So they separated. Here and there, through the long silent halls and dusty old corridors glided the merry party. At first, many a light laugh was heard, and much consultation took place; but at last all was quiet, and Ashburton, who was to be the "seeker," sallied forth on his journey. Up the old oaken staircase, into the deserted chambers, and even clambering up into the tower at the northern wing of the house, until, at length, all were brought, laughing and covered with dust and cobwebs, from their hiding-places.

All? No! Where was Clara Vernon? Again Paul started on his journey. In all the nooks and crevices, in all the niches and corners he sought her—in vain. Even the so-called "haunted chamber" was empty.

At length he remembered an old tapestried room at the end of a long, dark corridor, so far removed from the rest of the mansion that even the more courageous of the party had shunned it.

Hardly thinking to find Clara here, he crept noiselessly along, and came suddenly upon her, seated in the broad old window-seat, and crying!

She looked up, and seeing him standing in the door, turned to him, blushing rosily.

He took her boldly in his arms, and spoke with all his soul upon his lips.

"Clare, I love you! love you as I never can love again! Darling, may I teach you to love me? Will it be a hard lesson? Oh, Clare, remember! all the sunshine will be gone from my life if you go. And I will make you so happy if you will be my wife!" And the words lingered lovingly on his lips.

As he paused he looked at Clara for the reply he so longed for, and which he believed she could truthfully give him.

But she answered in a low, cold voice: "I cannot marry you."

The strong man grew pale, and his voice trembled as he said:

"You cannot? Do you not love me, Clare? Oh, my darling, do not trifle with me! If you love me, tell me so. Let me hear it from your own dear lips."

Almost as if she were turned into a beautiful statue she repeated:

"I cannot marry you, Paul Ashburton. My hand is promised to another."

He dropped the trembling hand he held, and a dark frown gathered on his brow. Once again he spoke.

"Do you love this man, Clare?"

The soft, brown eyes filled with tears.

"I—I have never seen him," she faltered.

"You have never seen him!" he exclaimed, passionately. "And yet you turn from me to him. Oh, Clare, Clare! You are not worthy of love."

She put out her hand in a supplicating way, and grew so white that Paul was frightened, and said, penitently:

"Forgive me, darling. I was beside myself. But I will not leave you so. Say that you love me, even if I may not claim you."

"Yes—I love you." The voice was so low, as to be almost inaudible. "But oh, Paul, I have promised, and my word is sacred. I cannot be your wife."

He took her in his arms, and pressed one long, lingering kiss on her fair, white brow.

Then he led her away. And "Lovers' Retreat" had witnessed, perhaps, the saddest of all its long experience.

A rare old garden it is, full of delightful flowers: some in trained luxuriance, some in nature's wild profusion.

Nooks and corners, and quaint little vine-clad arbours, too, it contains, and the whole old enough to attract the eye of an antiquarian.

But who is the pale, sad-eyed girl who stands in the midst of all this beauty? Can it be that it is bright, laughing, mischievous Clare Vernon?

Ah! suffering makes the rosiest cheek grow pale, and dim the brightest eye. And Clare has suffered much since that short, bright visit.

Many times has she told herself that she was wrong to take the happiness from two lives for the sake of one promise. But then, if the promise be not fulfilled, Miss Vernon the heiress becomes Miss Vernon the beggar. And Clare's proud spirit chafes at the thought of going to any man a penniless bride, even if it be to the man whom she loves.

But even if she could bring her pride to this—it is too late! Too late! The words rang through her ears as the death knell of all beautiful hopes.

He has gone, she knows not whither; and she could not call him back if she would.

But at least she will never marry the hateful coxcomb—never! This, with a flash of her old spirit. And he is coming to-day—this lover, whom she has never seen, "and never wants to," as she stoutly declares.

But guardy, good, kind guardy, has insisted upon the young man's visit, and so he is coming.

"But I will never marry him! No, never!" she cried.

And in her excitement she speaks the words aloud.

"Will you not?" asks a strangely sweet and familiar voice behind her.

She turns, and is immediately caught and held fast by a pair of strong arms, while the same dear voice whispers joyously in her ear:

"My darling! Mine by every law of Heaven and earth!"

Without a struggle she yields to the happiness of the moment, scarce thinking why he is here instead of the expected cousin.

After a time Clare said, in a low tone as if reluctant to break the beautiful spell around her:

"Paul, why are you here? You should not have come to tempt me again."

"Should not? Why, my darling, you were left to me in your grandfather's will; bless him!"

"Left to you? I was to marry my third cousin, Paul De Lacey."

"Yes, my little girl, I know it. My father's name was Ashburton. But when Grandfather De Lacey died, and left his fortune to his daughter's husband, he desired him, also, to take the family name. So, as long as father lived, we were known as the De Laceys. But I had a strong liking for the old name, and when father died I became Paul Ashburton again."

"But, Paul, did you know who I was when we were there together?"

"No, my darling; certainly not. I knew you were my queen of hearts, but I did not know that fate had long since given you to me. You see, when the will was first made public, I was abroad, and heard nothing of it. When I came into possession of the property my lawyer, of course, told me the story. Having never seen any woman whom I could love, idiot that I was, I thought I never should, and so readily agreed. Just before I went on that fatal trip, my lawyer informed me that my cousin's guardian wished me to visit him in August, if convenient. I assented carelessly, supposing, of course, that this little cousin, whom I was to marry, was a little Miss Ashburton. And now, my queen, you see you are really to be my precious wife, unless you want to forfeit your fortune, and I know you are too mercenary for that."

Clare looked at him with glowing cheeks, and the light of happiness sparkling in her eyes.

"Yes, you are right. I could not endure poverty. And so, my knave of diamonds, I accept—solely for the sake of the money!"

L. B. H.

PRINCE LEOPOLD on Monday, October 25th, attended at Guildhall and formally took up the freedom of the City. The ceremony was held in the Library, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and members of the Common Council. The Chamberlain in addressing His Royal Highness remarked upon the fact that the present was the only instance in the history of the City in which all the sons of the reigning Sovereign had recorded their names upon its municipal roll. The Prince replied, referring to his intimate connection by family tradition with the Corporation of London, and bear-

ing witness to his appreciation of the honour of being associated with the long list of illustrious men who had from time to time taken up the freedom of the City. After the ceremony the Prince was entertained at luncheon.

#### CROSS PEOPLE.

We have institutions for the treatment of all kinds of diseases. But we have no hospital where merely cross people can be treated. Probably they are regarded as past all remedy, and an asylum for them would appropriately be only a wing or branch of the Hospital for Incurables. Doctors do not profess to cure them, and even quacks do not pretend that they can be of any benefit to them.

Suppose some one could discover a specific that would prevent a very cross person from ever being cross again, what a sale it would command! He-bands who have cross wives would buy it for their better halves; wives who have cross husbands would buy it for their worse halves; children who have cross parents would manifest their filial regard by purchasing liberally; nephews and nieces who have cross uncles and aunts would generously supply them; people who have cross neighbours would do a neighbourly act in sending around a large dose; in short, the largest conceivable supply could hardly equal the inevitable demand.

And how the world would be improved! To many it would seem like another sphere; for the perpetual rolling of thunder from one end of the year to another would be music compared to the endless din of one cross person.

But no such remedy is likely to be found. Perpetual motion may yet be discovered; but never, we fear, a sure cure for cross people.

We have no account of the origin of cross people. Who the first cross person was we are not informed. It would have been well if the first had been the last also. There is one thing to be said in favour of both of our first parents; if they did go astray, there is no intimation that they were unamiable, or cross, or that they ever scolded each other.

#### IRENE BELLETIER.

##### CHAPTER IV.

CONSIDERING emotions swayed the bosom of Emile; his naturally warm heart impelled him to forgive the man who had so grossly wronged him, yet the remembrance of the treacherous injury which Will had done caused an involuntary hesitation.

This, however, did not long continue.

The good spirit overcame the evil one in that soul conflict, and Emile's better angel reigned supreme.

"Will," he said, sadly but firmly, "I forgive you. It costs me much to say the words, but, nevertheless, I do tell you that I pardon the wrong you have done me."

And he held out his hand to the abashed Will.

The latter took the offered hand and returned Emile's warm pressure by a weak and tremulous grip of his cold and wasted fingers.

The reconciliation of the former friends thus consummated, Emile inquired as to Will's condition and prospects, and finding them so deplorable, he took him to his own home.

It was soon apparent that adversity had so reduced the erstwhile light-hearted Hibernian that, both bodily and mentally, he was unfitted to gain his livelihood in a battle with the world.

Compassionating his unhappy plight, the generous Emile permitted him to become domiciled at his rooms, where the fatal disorder which had been brooding in Will's system soon made itself evident.

It became clearly apparent in a few days that the disorder was incurable, and Will begged Emile to send him to the nearest hospital.

To this, however, his kind friend would not consent, but nursed him with a fraternal kindness that bespoke his innate goodness of nature.

He procured him all the comforts and even delicacies that it was possible for his means to compass.

Will continued to grow worse. Emile did at his own expense all in his power to benefit him. On the evening of the fifth day Will's condition became alarming, and they sent for Emile. Then he confessed to him all about the jewellery and how deeply he had wronged the little Italian girl; and he gave Emile the diamond ring with a request that he would return it to Mrs. Williams and explain matters to her.

"Oh, Emile," said he, "go to—tell her—"

Then his voice failed him, and in a few moments he expired.

After seeing that his friend's remains were decently interred Emile sought the street and number

designated by Will, little dreaming of the joy in store for him.

He alighted from his cart and rang the bell. A light step approached, the door opened, and—there stood Irene Bellefleur! The dark-haired Italian girl whom he loved and lost was found!

They looked at each other for a moment.

"Emile!" she exclaimed; and the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

After everything was explained they went together to Mrs. Williams, and Emile related to her Will's dying confession and returned to her the ring. She was overjoyed to be assured of Irene's innocence, and gladly received her again into her employ.

A short time after, the good lady died, bequeathing to each of the lovers a goodly sum of money. By this bequest Emile was enabled to again return to his studies, and a few years afterwards Irene was wedded to Emile, who had risen to wealth and fame.

R. J. C.

### THE PHYSICIAN'S SECRET.

LIKE all the streets of Versailles, the Rue des Reservoirs is deserted and silent at an early hour. As soon as the shades of evening begin to descend, doors are closed, curtains drawn, and in this broad street, designed for the drives and hunting expeditions of the court of the great king, one perceives only a few tardy foot-passengers, hastily returning to their lodgings.

One of the latter had just reached a low cottage situated almost at the extremity of the street. He opened it himself by means of a little key, and a feeble light soon appeared within; which, kindled in the basement, traversed the interior for some time, as if for the last inspection for the night.

Whoever could have followed it might have seen first a parlour furnished with that attempt at luxury which indicates a sacrifice made to the exigencies of one's position; then a study, whose desk with shining and spotless surface proved its habitual facility; finally, a narrow staircase led to a sleeping chamber, where the light stopped. Here the economical elegance of the basement had given place to visible poverty. The bed, low and curtained, was covered with faded cotton; a few straw chairs, a table, and an old-fashioned secretary, which completed the luxury of the parlour, proved the hard necessity imposed on all beginners in a profession of retrenching on comfort what they expend on superfluities.

Such was, in fact, the position of Auguste Fournier, then lodger in the cottage of the Rue des Reservoirs. Admitted to the practice of medicine after studies which had absorbed the principal part of the inheritance left him by his father, he had employed the rest in establishing himself comfortably enough not to regret confidence. Condemned to an apparent ease, which masked cruel privations, he was awaiting success under disguise of prosperity.

But during the year in which he had inhabited Versailles, with his eyes fixed, like those of Sister Anne, on the horizon, he had seen, like her, but the dust of the present and the green hopes of the future. His resources were being exhausted without bringing him the patients always dreamed of and always invisible.

Meanwhile the necessity of success became each month more pressing.

The young physician, goaded by anxiety, had sought around him patronage and had found only praise. People talked of his education, his zeal, his scrupulous delicacy, but they stopped there; to render him justice exempted them from rendering him service. As a last resort, he had solicited, with much perseverance and effort, the employment of physician to a hospital founded in the neighbourhood by the legacy of a benevolent man. Unfortunately, those who might have supported his claims did not care to lose their influence; some promises had been made him, some hopes held out then each returned to his own affairs, and the young physician had just learned that a fellow-student of less merit but with more efficient friends had succeeded in obtaining the situation.

This last disappointment redoubled the sadness which had for some time past overshadowed his mind. After having cast a discouraged glance over the barrenness of his sleeping-room and busied himself with those domestic arrangements habitually spared to students, he approached one of the windows and leaned his forehead pensively against the moist pane.

In this direction lay a common court, upon which opened the cottage of the young doctor and an old, ruined mansion inhabited by a retired doorkeeper named M. Duret. The latter, known throughout the neighbourhood for his avarice, was the proprietor of the two houses, as well as a deserted garden separated from the court by a worm-eaten wooden fence.

A poor girl, whose godfather he was, and whom he had adopted when a child, kept his house. He thus secured for himself, under the appearance of benevolent protection, a sort of domestic without wages, who gratefully shared his voluntary poverty.

Rose had neither become stupid nor hardened in this rude condition; far from this, her soul, repulsed by the real which wounded it, had, so to speak, taken flight toward the lofty regions of the Ideal. Always alone, she had peopled the solitude by reflection; ignorant and with no means of learning, she had resigned herself to repeated perusals of the few books which chance had placed in her hands, and from which she had extracted the honey and the perfume.

Meanwhile, since the arrival of Auguste Fournier, the circle of her reading had been somewhat enlarged.

The young man had lent her some classics which had strayed into his medical library, and these loans had become the occasions of neighbourly intercourse, restricted, however, to very brief conversations.

For many days past the personal anxieties of the doctor had prevented him from thinking of Rose, when he perceived her hastily crossing the court and directing her steps towards his cottage. On reaching the little back gate she raised her head, recognised M. Fournier at his window, made a sign to him, and pronounced some words which he did not hear.

The young physician hastened to descend and open the door to her.

Rose, whose worn and weary look seemed to contradict her name, was even paler than usual, and the poverty of her garments was rendered more apparent by a shudder which struck the young physician.

"What is the matter?" asked he.

She appeared agitated and embarrassed, and replied:

"Pardon me. I come to ask of you a service, a great service."

"Speak," said M. Fournier; "how can I be useful to you?"

"Not to me, but to my godfather. For a week past he has been suffering and becoming more feeble. This morning he was able to rise, but this evening, on going to bed, he fainted."

"I will come and see him," interrupted the young doctor, stepping forward.

Rose detained him by a gesture.

"Excuse me," said she, stammering, "but my godfather has always refused to call a physician."

"I will present myself as a neighbour."

"And under what pretext? You might, for example, ask the price of the stable and the little carriage; both will become necessary when you keep a cabriolet."

A sentiment of bitterness crossed the heart of the young man. Formerly, in the early days of his illusions, he had, indeed, cherished this hope.

"So be it," said he, in a brief tone. And then they proceeded to the ruin inhabited by Père Duret.

His conductress begged him to wait a few moments at the door, and to enter only after her, that her godfather might suspect nothing.

He therefore paused on the threshold, heard the sick man ask Rose if the garden-gate was fastened, if she had extinguished the fire, if the bucket was taken from the well; to which queries the young girl replied in a manner to quiet his miserly anxiety. Meanwhile, his dry and husky voice had struck the physician.

He decided to enter noisily, like a visitor who wishes to announce himself; but he was suddenly arrested by the darkness.

The only room which formed the lodgings of the old doorkeeper, and in which he was then in bed, had no other light than that of the street lamp, whose distant gleam transformed the night of the ruin into visible darkness, to which the eye needed to become accustomed. That of the sick man immediately recognized his young tenant. He raised himself on his elbow.

"The doctor!" exclaimed he, with effort; "I hope he does not come here for me! I did not send for him; I am very well!"

"I come not as a physician, but as a tenant," replied M. Fournier, groping toward the bed.

"A tenant!" repeated the old doorkeeper; "your term has then expired? I did not know it. Then you bring money? Light a candle, Rose, quick!"

"Pardon me," said the young doctor, who had at last reached the bedside of Père Duret; "my term has scarcely commenced, and I only come to know whether you can, if I need it, find a place for a horse and carriage?"

"Ah! you wish to inquire respecting the stables," resumed the old man; "it is well. Sit down, neigh-

bour! We have no need of a candle, Rose; the lantern is sufficient; we can converse better without a light. Only give me my tea."

The young girl brought him a large cup, the contents of which he swallowed with the breathless eagerness of fever.

The physician asked what he was drinking.

"My usual remedy, doctor," replied the invalid; "a tea made of sorrel. It is more healthy than all your drugs, and costs only the trouble of gathering the herb."

"And you drink it cold?"

"That I may not have to keep a fire; fire is oppressive to me—then, wood is so dear. When one has to make both ends meet one must know how to economize. I will not do like that rascal Martoise, by whom I lost as much."

Martoise was a debtor of the old doorkeeper, who had once failed. Père Duret had been entirely reimbursed, but he did not the less repeat thenceforth that Martoise had ruined him. This was for him an inexhaustible theme, like the smallpox to ugly old women, and the Revolution to moneyless noblemen.

M. Fournier appeared to coincide in the opinion of the invalid, and approached him nearer. His eyes, becoming accustomed to the obscurity, began to distinguish the countenance of the old man, which wore the hue of fever.

As he continued to speak to him he took one of his baring hands, listened to his irregular respiration, and acquired the conviction that his condition was more dangerous than he had at first supposed.

He wished to draw the attention of Père Duret to it, in order to suggest some remedies, but the latter was engaged in the detail of the advantages of his stables, and seemed interested in nothing else.

Meanwhile, his voice, which had become more and more broken, suddenly stopped.

The young physician hastily bent over him, and called to the young girl to bring a light.

While she hastened to kindle it he raised the head of the old man, who had only fainted, made him inhale the perfume of salts, which he always carried with him, and soon perceived that he was about to recover his senses.

At this moment Rose came toward him.

Père Duret, who had opened his eyes, stretched out his hand, tried to speak, and could only utter inarticulate sounds, but as the young girl approached with the hope of comprehending him he made a desperate effort, raised his head, and blew out the candle which she held.

Meanwhile, the physician had seen enough to satisfy him that prompt assistance was indispensable. He took leave of the old doorkeeper, recommending repose, and promising to call again. Rose followed him to the door.

"Well?" asked she, anxiously.

"His symptoms are serious," said Fournier; "I will write a prescription, which must be strictly followed."

"Does he need medicine?" observed the young girl, uneasily.

"A little; it will be sufficient to present my note; the apothecary will give it to you."

Rose seemed embarrassed; the young man divined the cause.

"Do not be uneasy about the price," continued he; "all will be furnished in my name, and I will settle the matter afterward with Père Duret."

"Thank you sir," said the young girl, her eyes beaming with gratitude; "but my godfather will understand that this medicine must one day be paid for, and I fear he will refuse it. If the doctor will allow me to say that it has been furnished by him gratuitously, I will find a way to pay for it by my own earnings."

"Be it so," said Fournier, who suffered from the blushes and embarrassment of the poor girl; "do whatever you think best; I will assist you."

To render this account more probable to Père Duret he sent the young girl back to his bedside while he went himself for the medicine.

In order to persuade the old doorkeeper to take it he was obliged to repeat several times that it was a pure neighbourly gift. Persuaded at last that his cure would cost him nothing, he took with docility whatever the physician ordered.

But the disease had already made such progress that the efforts of science were useless. Between alternate fever and faintness the old man declined daily, and Fournier soon saw that he must give up all hope. Consequently, he renounced the application of ineffectual remedies, and allowed Père Duret to follow his own inclinations. The latter profited by this liberty to express a thousand desires and form a thousand projects; but, at the moment of execution, avarice always came to extinguish the desire and prevent the realization of the plan.



[SEARCHING FOR THE PLATE.]

Vaguely feeling the sources of life drying up within him, he exaggerated the necessity of foresight, indulging in the illusion of a long future life.

A fortnight passed away thus. Rose continued to manifest the same patience and self-denial. Subjected for ten years past to this yoke of voluntary poverty, she accepted it without a murmur; she pitied her godfather instead of accusing him, and had never desired wealth but that he might enjoy it. At each visit the young physician discovered some new treasure in this soul, which asked of others only the happiness of devoting itself to them.

The increasing interest which he felt in the young girl extended itself to the old doorkeeper, the only friend remaining to her on earth. But what was to become of her after his death? She had nothing to expect from the fortune of her godfather, for the latter had a cousin, Stephen Tricot, a rich farmer living in the neighbourhood, with whom he had always been on the best of terms.

Tricot, who from time to time paid a visit to Père Duret, in order to measure the distance which separated him from his inheritance, arrived with his wife exactly at the most dangerous crisis of the disease.

He was one of those sharp-witted peasants who are coarse in order to seem frank, and talk loudly to impress others with the truth of what they say.

At sight of his dying cousin he commenced lamentations, which the latter cut short by declaring that this was nothing, and that in a few days he should be well. Tricot looked at him with uneasy hesitation.

"Indeed!" said he; "I am glad to hear it. You feel better, then?"

"Much, much!" stammered Père Duret.

"You have had a physician, perhaps?"

"He comes every day."

"And what does he say?"

"That I am doing well."

"Ah! is it so?" resumed Tricot, disconcerted; "in fact, you have a strong constitution, cousin, and it is only a cold you have taken."

"Yes," replied Duret, "I have lost my strength, but I shall soon regain it."

"And we have brought you something for that," interrupted Perrine Tricot, drawing from her basket a goose and three full bottles. "Here is a fowl fattened especially for you, cousin, with a specimen of our homemade wine; taste of it, it will strengthen your stomach."

Duret cast a glance on the bottles and on the goose. Allured by the idea of a repast which would cost him nothing, he summoned Rose, showed her the provisions, and declared that he would sup with the farmer and Perrine.

The young girl, accustomed to passive submission, and strong in the entire liberty permitted by M. Fournier, obeyed her godfather without making any objections.

Very soon the perfume of the roast goose filled the room of the invalid, whose stomach, weakened by long privations, craved the nourishing food.

He grew animated with the hope of a feast without expense, had the table set at his bedside, and found in his appetite, so long unsatisfied, sufficient remains of hunger and thirst for this unexpected good cheer.

Tricot filled his glass, which he emptied with a trembling hand, that it might be filled anew. Wine and food, far from increasing his illness, seemed at first to revive his exhausted strength; he raised himself more firmly.

A half-intoxication seemed to impart lustre to his eyes, he began to talk loudly of his plans, to press the hand of his cousin and cousin's wife, repeating that they were his true relatives, and giving them counsel what to do with his poor heritage.

Tricot and his wife wept with tenderness. At last, when they had left the old doorkeeper for some indispensable errands in the city, it was with the promise of coming to take leave of him before they went home.

Fournier arrived at the moment they went out. He saw the old man follow them with a sly look beyond the threshold, finish his glass, then smile sarcastically.

"Well, neighbour, it seems you are better?" said the astonished physician.

"Better!" stammered Duret, half drunk, "yes, yes, much better, thanks to their dinner. Ah! ah! they are paying court to my property with geese and new wine! I accept them all. It is polite to accept."

"So you think their generosity interested, do you?"

"An investment of funds, neighbour. They think me their dupe, because I drink the wine and eat of the geese, fattened especially for me, as the woman said. Ah! ah! we will see who will laugh last."

"Do you plan to disappoint their expectations?"

"Why not? The little that belongs to me I suppose I may dispose as I please, and in case I should wish to favour a poor girl."

"Mademoiselle Rose!" interrupted the young man, hastily. "Ah! if you do that, Père Duret, all good people will approve."

The old doorkeeper shrugged his shoulders.

"Bah! what care I if they approve or not? What amuses one is to have deceived that clown and his wife."

At this idea Duret burst into a laugh, but this convulsive laughter was soon followed by sudden suffocation, which made him fall backward. Fournier hastened to give him all the aid required by such an accident. He recovered, began to speak, and fell back in a new spasm more violent than the former.

The excitement to which he had just been exposed had hastened the crisis of his disorder. The young physician saw with alarm that these spasms must terminate in death. Duret himself began to think them dangerous.

"Ah! Monsieur Fournier, I am ill, very ill," said he, in a faint voice. "Is there any danger? Before I die I have a secret to tell."

"Tell it now," replied the young man.

"It is then time!" resumed Duret. "There is no more hope, none! I must then renounce all I have amassed with so much labour; leave all to others—all—all!"

The miser wrung his hands despairingly.

Fournier attempted to calm him by speaking of Rose, who was at that moment absent.

"Yes, I wish to see her," murmured Duret; "poor girl! They would take everything from her; but I have provided for her; she has but to search—"

He stopped.

"Where?" asked Fournier, leaning over the bed.

"Ah! there may yet be hope," sighed Duret.

"Say, is it not weakness?"

"Where must your goddaughter search?" repeated the young man, seeing that the eyes of the dying man were becoming glassy.

"Open the window," murmured the doorkeeper; "I wish to see the light. Go to the garden—below there—behind the well—the great stone."

The voice became extinct. The young physician saw the lips move still, as if they essayed words which were inaudible; a convulsive tremor agitated the face, then all was still. Père Duret was dead.

Rose soon after returned. Her grief on learning the death of her godfather was silent but sincere. He was the only protector she had ever known.

Cousin Tricot and his wife found her kneeling beside the dead man, her face resting on one of his hands, which she was bathing with her tears. They had just learnt that the doorkeeper was dead, and had come to secure the inheritance. They began by taking possession of the house and seizing the keys; then Tricot left his wife to take care, and hastened to fulfil the formalities necessary for the funeral. Rose vainly expected from the peasants a word of sympathy or encouragement; they left her desolate beside the corpse, until it was carried away for burial.

The young girl had the courage to follow the procession to the cemetery, but when she returned her strength and energies were exhausted.

Tricot and his wife had commenced the inventory of the property; chests were opened and the furniture was in disorder.

Rose felt her heart swell, and seated herself on the stone bench near the door. With her hands clasped and her head cast down she suffered her tears to flow in silence. At the sound of her name she raised her eyes and recognized M. Fournier.

The latter had perceived her return, and, touched at her desolation, had come to console her.

Rose could at first reply only by her tears. The young man gently asked her why she remained thus without, and encouraged her to brave the sorrowful impression she must receive on entering.

"Affliction is like a bitter draught," said he; "it is better to drink it at once; pauses and delays multiply the grief by dividing it."

"Pardon me, sir," said Rose; "it is not to spare any sorrow that I remain here; but if I enter I shall be a restraint on the relatives."

"They have then come?" asked the young man.

"With M. Leblanc."

"The old traitor condemned for dishonesty."

"Take care; he may hear you."

Fournier cast a glance within, and saw Cousin Tricot and his wife busy occupied in emptying the chest.

"They will take all!" he exclaimed.

"They have a right to do so," replied Rose, gently.

"That remains to be proved," resumed Fournier, crossing the threshold.

The ex-notary, who was looking over the papers of a large pocketbook found in the chest of the deceased, turned.

"Stop, sir," exclaimed the young man; "you have no right to examine those papers."

"Why not?" asked M. Leblanc.

"Because they concern the heirs."

"Well! are we not the heirs?" exclaimed Tricot.

"How do you know that you are?" replied Fournier; "Père Duret may have left a will."

"A will!" repeated the peasant and his wife, looking at each other in alarm.

"Perhaps this gentleman is the dispositor of it?" asked Leblanc, in a polite tone.

"I did not say that," replied the physician; "but the deceased positively declared to me his intentions."

"And the gentleman is doubtless his legatee?" said Leblanc, with the same ironical politeness.

The physician blushed.

"It is not I who am in question, sir," replied he, impatiently; "but the goddaughter of Père Duret."

"Ah! it is for Rose?" interrupted Perrine Tricot, in a harsh voice; "the gentleman is then her relative, since he is so much interested for her."

"I am her friend, madam."

The two Tricots interrupted him with a coarse laugh.

"I have a fixed resolution to use every means in my power to cause her rights to be respected," said Fournier, avoiding a direct reply; "although a stranger to the study of the laws, I know, sir, that they ordain, in cases such as this, certain protecting formalities which cannot be dispensed with. Before entering into possession of the estate of the deceased person it must be ascertained to whom it belongs."

"And if, in the meantime, we take it?" observed M. Leblanc, continuing to search among the papers.

"Then you may be called to an account for violation of the law."

"By means of a process, isn't it?" By a process expensive, and your protégés will have, I fear, some difficulty in paying for it."

"That is to say, you take advantage of her poverty to encroach upon her rights!" exclaimed Fournier, indignantly.

"We only avail ourselves of it to preserve our own," replied M. Leblanc, tranquilly.

"Well, then, I will myself demand the execution of the law. The deceased has received from me attentions, remedies, assistance of every kind—as a creditor I demand that the payment of this debt be guaranteed, and I claim for this purpose the imposition of seals."

Here the Tricots, who had already twenty times sought to interrupt him, uttered loud exclamations.

M. Leblanc calmed them by a gesture.

"Be it so," said he, with a smile, turning towards the young man; "provided you can prove the lawfulness of your claim! Can you present his books for your visits, his receipts for your aid, written proofs of your administering remedies?"

"Sir," said Fournier, embarrassed, "a physician does not take such precautions with his patients; but you can ask Mademoiselle Rose."

"You are right," replied Leblanc, smiling. "You testify for her, she testifies for you; it is but a just reciprocity. Unfortunately, the tribunals are not influenced by these marks of sympathy or gratitude, and until the gentleman has regularly established his rights he will allow us to exercise those of relationship."

"What has our cousin done with his silver, for he had some? I saw it."

"And as they were alone in the house when our cousin died it is just that they should be held accountable for that which is missing."

"Wretches!" cried Fournier, beside himself at

this infamous suspicion, and raising his hand to strike Tricot.

At this moment Rose entered, threw herself between them and attempted to draw the physician away. The latter hesitated an instant, but at last, mastering his emotion, he cast a scornful glance on his insulters and followed the young girl from the house.

It was only at the door of the cottage that both stopped.

Rose clasped her hands, and, lifting toward Fournier her eyes, red and swollen with tears, said:

"Pardon me, sir, for what you have endured for my sake. A poor girl like myself can never repay you for the services you have rendered me; but be assured that I shall remember them as long as I live."

"And what is to become of you now, Rose?" asked the young man.

"I do not know yet, sir," replied she. "To-day I am so sad I can think of nothing. I will give myself until to-morrow to acquire courage. A neighbour will give me a lodging for the night, and afterward Heaven will take care of me."

Fournier took her hand in silence; she responded faintly to his clasp, bade him adieu in a low voice, and went out.

The heart of the young man was full with indignation. Returned to his room, he paced it with agitated steps.

In vain he asked himself how he should assist this poor, forsaken girl. If Père Duret had indeed left a will, undoubtedly M. Leblanc and the Tricots had suppressed it; but how was this suppression to be proved? On the other hand, the will might have escaped the researches of the interested parties; for the words of the dying man intimated that it was concealed. He spoke of having provided for Rose; he had directed search to be made. But there his revelations had stopped; death had prevented his saying more.

The young man, with a kind of feverish excitement, lost himself in suppositions. Evening had come, and with his forehead resting against a window he saw the cousins of the deceased and their counsellor leaving the house with the papers and valuable articles.

He had cast his eye, by accident, on the forsaken ruin, the deserted court, and the uncultivated garden, when they suddenly rested on an old ruined well at the extremity of the latter, and against a wall still ornamented with the remains of a cornice.

The sight suddenly recalled to him the last words pronounced by Père Duret:

"In the garden—behind the well—the great stone."

There was, perhaps, the secret of the dead man!

Animated with sudden confidence, he hastily descended, crossed the court, opened, after several attempts, the garden-gate, and reached the well.

The half-decayed kerbstones displayed here and there large fissures filled with broken plaster, which he first examined and attempted to sound, but he could discover nothing.

The back of the well, beneath the fragment of stone which had formerly supported the cornice, was the only spot entirely closed, the stone, solidly laid, had retained its original position.

After having examined the orifice within and without, Fournier was ashamed of his credulity. How could he have adopted the romantic idea of a deposit concealed in an old well, and take the last words murmured by a dying man for an indication of this?

He shrugged his shoulders, cast towards the well another glance of disappointment, and returned to his cottage.

Nevertheless, in spite of himself, his mind retained an involuntary doubt. As he was about to quit the garden he turned and again perceived the well, the wall, and the kerbstones.

"That is indeed the spot designated by Père Duret," said he to himself; "but near the wall there is nothing; the kerbstones are in its place."

Here he hastily paused.

"In fact," thought he, "why is there but one stone which is solidly sealed?"

This simple reflection made him retrace his steps.

He examined anew, with more attention, the hewn stone, perceived that it had been recently consolidated by little pebbles, and that all the interstices had been filled with earth.

He attempted to shake it by tearing away these supports, and at last succeeded in displacing it. A cavity then appeared in the masonry, from which he drew, with great effort, an iron-bound coffer.

After having disengaged it, as he was taking it in his hands, the coffer fell to the ground, and a sound of metal was heard, which betrayed its contents.

Fournier, seized with a sort of dizziness, filled with earth and pebbles the crevice which had served as a

place of concealment, restored the stone to its original position, and, collecting all his strength, carried the precious casket to his dwelling.

On reaching his room, he deposited it on the floor and attempted to open it, but it was closed by a lock of which he had not the key. After several useless attempts he sat down, with his eyes fixed on the coffer, and began to reflect.

What was to be done with the treasure fallen into his hands by chance? The idea of appropriating it to himself did not once enter into his mind; but to whom should it be given?

The law designated the Tricots; natural justice and his inclination pointed out Rose.

Evidently this had been the provision made for her by her godfather, as he had himself declared in his dying moments.

His last will, clearly expressed, had been to withhold his property from the avidity of the cousin and to endow with it his adopted daughter. If he had left a will, had it not been found by the relatives in their search? And, if so, how was he to ascertain the fact and recover it?

The night passed away in these deliberations, and morning had thrown no light on the subject when some one knocked timidly at the door.

He opened it and found himself in the presence of the young girl.

The latter apologized, trembling and with downcast eyes, for having disturbed him so early.

Fournier invited her to enter and be seated.

"Excuse me, sir," said she, remaining standing near the door; "I came over only to take leave of you."

"You are going, then?"

"To Paris, where I have had the promise of a service."

"You?"

"I have no alternative. Thus, at least, I shall not be a burden to any one, and may hope, by industry, to satisfy my employers. Only I could not depart without thanking the good physician and asking one favour of him."

"What favour?"

"The heirs of my godfather have refused what is your due! It is a source of great regret to me, at whose request you attended upon the sick man; and if I could ever repay you as I ought—"

"Ah! do not talk of that," hastily interrupted Fournier.

"No," said Rose, "for my will to do so is now powerless; but before I go I hope the doctor will not refuse the only souvenir I can leave with him."

As she murmured these words with tenderness mingled with bashfulness, the poor girl had drawn from the pocket of her apron a packet carefully enveloped in paper; she unrolled it with a trembling hand, and presented to the physician one of those little silver plates presented to infants on their baptismal day.

"It was the gift of my godmother," said she, gently; "I beg of you not to refuse it, sir; it is all I have ever had of my own."

There was in the voice, in the gesture, in the present itself, a simplicity so touching that the young man felt his eyes moisten. He seized the hands of Rose in his own.

"And what would you say," exclaimed he, "if I should make you at once richer than you had ever dreamed?"

"I?" replied the young girl, looking at him with astonishment.

"If I had here for you a treasure?"

"A treasure?"

"Look!"

He rapidly drew her into his room, showed her the coffer still on the floor, and related all that had taken place.

Rose, who at first had scarcely comprehended him, could not support such joy; she fell on her knees and burst into tears. Fournier in vain attempted to calm her; the transition had been too sudden; the young girl gazed at the casket, laughed and wept with joy.

But, suddenly looking at the young man, she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, with an impulse which seemed to come from her very heart:

"Ah! you will then be at last as happy as you deserve!"

"I?" said Fournier, recoiling.

"You, you," repeated Rose, enthusiastically.

"Ah! think you I have not remarked your necessities? That I have not divined your anxieties? My poverty is less oppressive than yours, for I am accustomed to it. Take all, sir; all is yours, all is for you!"

The poor girl, bathed in tears of love and joy, attempted to raise the coffer, in order to place it in the hands of the physician.

The latter, first astonished, then softened, would have stopped her with thanks.

"Ah! you cannot refuse," continued she, more earnestly. "Is it not to you that I am indebted for

this fortune? I would have all the world know it, and especially those who have been so unjust to you."

Fournier exclaimed that it was useless, but Rose would not listen. She had just seen the new heirs arrive, and ran to summon them. The physician, alarmed, seized her arm.

"Would you then lose what a fortunate accident has placed in your possession?" exclaimed he.

"Lose it?" repeated the young girl, without comprehending him.

"Have you not divined that these people may claim the coffer, and that, although your godfather undoubtedly destined it for you, you have no legal title to its possession?"

Rose turned pale; but neither her looks nor her voice betrayed any hesitation.

"Then this deposit is not mine," she said, "and all this happiness was but a dream. The laws must be obeyed."

As for Fournier, a kind of reaction had taken place in his soul; admiration had succeeded to tenderness. All the paradoxes invented by his mind the night before gave way before this simple conclusion, and his soul, won over at once to the claims of right, suddenly returned to its noble instincts.

Without replying by a single word to the young girl he went in search of the heirs, summoned a notary, and deposited the casket in his hands.

A little key, which the Tricots had found suspended to the neck of the deceased, opened it, and a quantity of old silver, mingled with thousands of gold pieces, appeared.

The peasant and his wife wept for joy. Rose and Fournier were calm.

The notary first counted the specie, beneath which he found a pile of bank notes. When all was counted, the sum amounted to nearly three hundred thousand francs.

Tricot, half-bewildered, approached the table, took the empty coffer and shook it; another paper, concealed between the wood and the lining, dropped out.

"Here is something more!" said the peasant, raising the paper, and presenting it to the notary.

The latter opened it, cast his eyes over it, and made a movement of surprise.

"It is a will," said he.

"A will!" exclaimed all voices.

"By which M. Duret chooses as universal legatee Mademoiselle Rose Fleuriot, his god-daughter."

Exclamations of surprise, joy, and disappointment were uttered.

Tricot would have seized the paper, but the notary held it fast. The disappointed couple left the house uttering threats and maledictions.

M. Leblanc, whom they hastened to consult, had some difficulty in making them understand that their misfortune was remediless, and that all the lawsuits in the world could not put them in possession of the estate of Pêre Duret.

As to Fournier, he soon became the happy husband of Rose, who was not only a companion but an adviser.

A stranger to the customs of society which harden the soul, the young girl had retained the most delicate and gentle instincts of her sex, and continued to be to her husband a sort of invisible conscience placed at the door of his heart to drive from it weakness, error and evil passions. M. R.

**THE REMAINS OF POE.**—In the preparation of the foundation for the monument to the poet Edgar A. Poe, in the churchyard of Westminster Church, Baltimore, it was found necessary to remove his remains to a spot near the grave of Mrs. Clemm, the mother of his first wife. The coffin at first appearance seemed to be sound, but when raised the sides were found decayed and fell to pieces. Nothing remained inside the coffin but the skeleton, all the flesh and grave-clothes have long since returned to dust. Some hair yet attached to the skull, and the teeth, which appeared all white and perfect, were shaken out of the jaws and lay on the bottom of the coffin. The old coffin and its contents were placed entire as exhumed in a wooden case and lowered into the new grave and closed up. The stones for the foundation of the monument were put in place, and everything is now prepared for the superstructure.

**ATHENS.**—"Whoever does not wish to see Athens," says an ancient author, "is foolish; he who sees it and is not pleased with it is more foolish; but the climax of folly is to have seen it, to be pleased with it, and yet to leave it." This, however, was probably written when Athens stood revealed to the eyes of the world in all its glowing Southern splendour. When the Acropolis, crowned with its votive temples and commemorative sculptures, idealized all that was great and noble in the city it overlooked; when Art had but newly found its exponent

in Phidias; when in the Temple of Bacchus—the great tragic theatre of Athens—50,000 spectators assembled to witness the tragedies of Sophocles, Æschylus, or Euripides. When, according to Pausanias, there still remained upon the Acropolis 2,000 statues after Nero had carried off as many as he needed for the adornment of that golden house which princes trembled to enter. But despite its fallen capitals and fragments of sculpture, its fluted columns lying prostrate and medley of headless centaurs and trunkless horses, it is still, if beauty constitutes worth, one of the worthiest spots on earth for a pilgrimage.

#### LAUGHTER.

"**LAUGH** and grow fat," is the well-known homely adage. Do not understand me that a mere state of obesity is especially desirable, but rather a wish to rebuke the evil effects upon the physical system engendered in the persons of those whose lives are made up of fretfulness, of melancholy, of sour-faced bigotry. Leanness of mind and soul are worse than corpulency of body. They are indeed to be pitied to whom good humour and laughter are strangers.

It is true that much that is coarse and vulgar passes current among the coarse and vulgar as humorous and worthy of unmanly eulogiums.

The higher the cultivation of the faculties, the enlargement of the mental capacity, the more appreciable become genuine wit and humour, and the more distasteful all pretences or pretensions.

Men of study and close application to business pursuits need their frequent seasons of relief; and humorous company is better than a physician for such jaded individuals. The bow must be unbent, reaction from study or business must be experienced, otherwise all those great efforts for success in life, or the attainment of wealth, knowledge or fame, will prove an unprofitable undertaking. It is as mournful a sight as can be contemplated to witness these tired men of business, who aver want of time as a reason for not unbending from their routine of occupation.

Some persons fancy unalterable gravity to be the distinguishing characteristic of wisdom. They are afraid of compromising their dignity, which is extremely absurd.

What a world of humour there is before us, if we are but eager to drink in from the fountains of enjoyment! From the extensive fields of literature we may cul flowers of rarest character; and as our minds become stored with the happiest conceits of rare and genuine humourists the pleasures of social intercourse become enhanced.

Good humour and laughter need encouragement in the way of proper amusements. If we laughed more, we should not only be happier but better; and if philanthropists would provide amusements for the people they would prevent, in a great measure, dissipation and vice. There is much to admire in the customs of Germans, French and Italians. They are less temperate than the English; and, considering the limited intelligence and contracted spheres in which they are confined by civil and religious despotism, I believe they are less vicious. How comes this? The laugh will answer that leaps up from group after group—the dances on the village green—the family dinner under the trees—the thousand merry meetings that invigorate industry, by serving as a relief to the business of life. Without these, business is destructive care; and it is from care, not from amusement, that men fly to the bottle.

The frigidity of much of what is called "sociality" in these days is truly absurd, and to be deplored. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is practically on the lips of too many persons. She is the grim sentinel on the watch-tower of society. If the average of public opinion calls for demureness, rigid righteousness, hollow sentimentality, and mock philanthropy, watch well, ye that differ from the times, how eagerly you will be denounced, scouted, reviled—may, even persecuted, for daring to be at variance with Mrs. Grundy.

Encourage, then, everything that promotes hearty, frank and honest mirthfulness. Preserve your health; live to some purpose; impart to others the benefit of cheery example. Let us enjoy an innocent reaction rather than a guilty one, since reaction there must be. The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity and becomes useless.

Laughter turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality. F. W.

**ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY AT KERTCH.**—During some excavations at Kertch, Crimea, for the

building foundations, an interesting archæological discovery has just been made, that of a tomb, covered with brickwork, and containing the following objects:—a head-dress in solid gold, partly resembling a crown and partly a helmet, finely chased and of artistic workmanship; then two cups in the same metal; a ring, the collet of which contains a precious stone covered with a layer of oxide; a golden coronet (broken); several gold brooches, a coin on which is the effigy of Alexander the Great, and, finally, an earthen vase, unfortunately broken.

#### FAÇETIÆ.

**SCARWS of tobacco**—People who give you cheap cigars.—Judy.

**A SERIOUS charge**—The loading of the 81-400 gun.—Judy.

**WONDERFUL**—Eighteen of the Scarborough Cricket Club making a score.—Judy.

**VERY hard up**—A police "running in" a hand-cup!—Judy.

**An old charge brought forward**—The charge of the Light Brigade.—Fun.

**IN-RATIONAL**—Hungary is busy considering proposals for next year's diet. It can't be very hungry to put off its diet all that time.—Fun.

**SIO SEMPER**—Turkey is rightly called the sick man. It throws up everything—even its most solemn engagements.—Fun.

#### MY CLIENT.

Who hangs about the counts all day,  
And deals in a most reckless way,  
With every broker who will stay?  
My Client!

Who talks a guttural foreign lingo,  
And, whilst he wins, still let's the thing go,  
Until a panic comes?—by jingo!  
My Client!

Who dabbles in a hundred "specie,"  
His broker's hazards little reck,  
And chuckles as he takes large cheques?  
My Client!

Who, when his ventures, "bear" huggod,  
quake,  
Commissions, quick, a double stake,  
Vowing the thing all right to make?  
My Client!

Who, when the threatened crash has come,  
And he owes me a stiffish sum,  
Falls to turn up—and leaves me glum?  
My Client!

Who, for his "little games" out-lawed,  
His pockets filled with fruits of fraud,  
Coolly retires, and lives abroad?  
My Client!

#### ALTER ET IDEM. (From Broker No. 2.)

Who swaggered down from West End  
club,  
As fierce as any half-pay "sub"  
Prepared all City men to snub?  
My Client!

Who, when I gave him sound advice,  
And "landed" him on "something nice,"  
Declared I'd robbed him in the price?  
My Client!

Who (though, when things were going  
well,  
He took his profits, like a swell)  
Finally, for loss, declined to "shell"?  
My Client!

Who, on that panic settling-day,  
Just calmly kept himself a way,  
And left me all his debts to pay?  
My Client!

Whom did I find "Gone out of town"?  
Whose assets not worth half-a-crown?  
And who'd done twenty brokers "brown"?  
My Client!

—Punch.

#### A WORD TO THE WISE.

**POLICEMAN** (to poor cripple, who has been caught picking old gentleman's pocket): "I've caught yer this time, have I? Come along, will you? and look here, if you attempt to run away, it'll be the worse for yer!"

#### THE LITTLE GAME OF PEESPISH.

**SWEET CHILD**: "Are those peepholes you are looking through, Mr. Spyer?"

**SPYER**: "No, my dear; why?"

**SWEET CHILD**: "Oh! because ma says you're always peeping and prying about. Please do it now, Mr. Spyer!"—Fun.

**A COUNTRYMAN**, just recovering from the effects

of a severe boil on his nose, stopped an urchin near Fort Green, and asked him the way to the corner of Fulton and Clinton-streets. The lad glanced at him suspiciously a moment and said, "Well, yer needn't go there, mister; there ain't no gin shop on that corner."

**THE SINKING FUND.**—The Navy Estimates.—Punch.

**A STEP FROM THE SUBLIME.**—The Porte's decree respecting its bonds.—Fun.

**BY STOCKWELL.**—The four days' bazaar held on behalf of the Stockwell Orphanage yielded 4,000*l*. The orphanage got rid of its stock well.—Fun.

A young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed: "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?"

**MENTURES.**—The menu of the late Balaclava banquet has been described as a noble work of art. The menu were presented were noble works of nature.—Fun.

**A SETTLER.**  
SWELL (writing to his tailor, who has applied for the sixtieth time for the settlement of a long-standing account): "Sir,—In regard to the settlement of your bill, I beg to inform you that if you worry me about it any more I shall place the case in the hands of my solicitor."—Judy.

**THE MOTHER TONGUE.**  
SCHOOLMASTER: "What's the meaning of a parent, boy?"  
BOY: "Your mother, sir, or the old man."—Judy.

**A STONKISHING.**—A Frenchman has been found guilty at Creuse of stoning his wife to death, and let off with imprisonment, on account of "extenuating circumstances." French justice is evidently blind—stone blind.—Fun.

**SHADY CONDUCT.**—The Home Secretary has declined to interfere with the sentence passed on the Hampton Wick Ghost. The Ministry have quite enough to do to look after their own phantom reputation.—Fun.

**ONLY BENT.**—A Nottingham paper states that the only property found on a drunken sailor when taken to the police-station was his temperance pledge. Singularly enough our contemporary does not mention the fact of its being broken.—Fun.

**PRUNEY.**  
VERY SMALL MITT: "Are you fond of sugar-plums?"

LADY: "No, my dear, thank you."  
VERY SMALL MITT: "Then, will you keep them for me, please?"—Punch.

**A HYDER.**—During a recent performance of "Macbeth" at the Queen's Theatre the hero offered a pound to any one who would turn an unruly "god" out of the gallery. The desire to get rid of a sovereign was evidently doubly strong on Mac that evening.—Fun.

**"QUITE TOO MOVING."**  
EMPLOYER: "Good morning, William, how are you? and how's your poor old mother?"

WILLIAM: "Well, sir, I don't know; I don't live with the old woman now; I've got lodgings of my own." (Pause.) "But I won't see her want!"

EMPLOYER: "Ah, perhaps that's why you've moved away!"—Fun.

**THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES.**  
YOUTHFUL BUMPKIN (in the smock frock, to convivial rustics who have been engaged in this sort of thing ever since Monday last): "Oh, if yer please, do yer know, is this the way to the savings' bank?" (Convivial rustics think it over, and decide to go to work again immediately.)—Judy.

**NOT SO VERY WRONG.**  
MISTRESS: "Yes, it is above the average. By the way (to first boy) what is the meaning of average?"

FIRST BOY: "Please, 'm, don't know!"  
SECOND BOY: "A things heas lay on!"

MISTRESS: "Nonsense; what do you mean?"  
SECOND BOY: "Why, father says our hens lay four eggs a day—on an average!"—Fun.

**HANDYWORK.**  
MAN (with hands in pockets): "Seen anything of a job o' work lately, John?"

OTHER MAN (with hands in other pockets): "Saw one t'other day, but didn't like to ask, 'cos they might 'a said 'yes'!"—Fun.

**NEPTUNE'S WARNING.**  
FATHER NER: "Look here, my lass! You used to 'rule the waves,' but if you misrule 'em as you've done lately, by jingo, there'll be a row!"

BRITANNIA: "I'm sure I don't know who's to blame, papa dear!"

FATHER NER: "Don't know! Then pipe all hands and find out!"—Punch.

**BOARD WAGES.**—An applicant for a situation at a "board" school was astonished and disgusted when told he would have to "find himself." So he did—outside—at once, and now thinks he prefers the

ration-al treatment which, while taking care of the mind, is not neglectful of the body.—Fun.

**WOOL I NEVER!**  
RUMOURS are rife of an extraordinary proceeding by the civic authorities. It is said they moved Stone from the Mansion House, and filled the space with Cotton.—Fun.

**A SOBER REVENGE.**  
INDEPENDENT VOTER: "Well, look here, I don't believe in bribery myself. I was once offered five bob for my vote, but I told the cove if it wasn't worth more than that it wasn't worth anything; but he wouldn't give me any more for it, so I voted for the other chap for nothing!"—Judy.

ON, JACK!  
FIRST TAY: "Ah, Jack! it's a difficult matter to do one's duty towards one's neighbour now-a-days."

SECOND DUTY: "Shiver me, why so, mate?"  
FIRST TAY: "Because, ye see, we're told to honour and obey all them as is put in authority over us. Admirals, and captains, and all such lubbers as them, Jack!"—Fun.

## COMING BACK.

Coming back! coming back!

All along the city track,  
All along the country road,  
Many a traveller with his load;  
Boxes, bundles, satchels, straps,  
Waterproofs and fishing traps,  
Books and papers, hats and caps;  
Filling wagon, car, and hack—  
Coming back.

Coming back! coming back!

Mortals on the homeward track,  
Sick and tired of country air,  
Country heat and country glare;  
Some are merry, some are sad,  
Some are anxious, some are glad,  
Out of pocket, more are mad;  
Irate husbands on the rack—  
Coming back.

Coming back! coming back!

John gives his whip a crack,  
Dashing through the great highways;  
Ah! these are his harvest days;  
Restless spirits change and whim  
Bread and butter are to him  
And to Dobbin strength of limb;  
Double rations and no lack—  
Coming back.

Coming back! coming back!

Children in a merry pack;  
Happy, hearty girls and boys  
With their gowags and their toys.  
Youths romantic, youths of mind,  
Maids who've left their hearts behind,  
Maids who hope their fates to find  
In some future John or Jack—  
Coming back.

Coming back! coming back!

All along the city track,  
Tired humanity by scores  
Darting into gates and doors;  
Sweet the old, familiar tread—  
Words of cheer and welcome said,  
Fires rekindled, tables spread;  
Home, sweet home has now no lack—  
Coming back.

M. A. K.

## GEMS.

SOME men's only stock in trade are their misfortunes. These they are always trying to force upon the market, but they rarely ever find a purchaser.

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

GRIEFS are like the beings that endure them—the little ones are the most clamorous and noisy; those of older growth and greater magnitude are generally tranquil, and sometimes silent. Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles; when they have little to carry they raise a prodigious clatter—when heavily laden they neither creak nor rumble.

Who stands the best chance of contemporaneous approbation? He whose mediocrity of progress distances not his comrades, and whose equality of merit affords a level on which friendship may be built; who is not so dull but that he has something to teach, and not so wise as to have nothing to

learn; who is not so far before his companions as to be unperceived, not so far behind them as to be unrewarded.

## STATISTICS.

It appears from the report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests that in the year ended the 31st of March last, the total receipts from Windsor Parks and Woods amounted to 6,846*l*. 8*s*. 11*d*., while the expenditure in the same period was 20,010*l*. 4*s*. 8*d*.

In 1874 the number of births in Prussia amounted to 1,028,276, of which 76,469 were illegitimate; 42,329 were still-born. The number of marriages amounted in the same year to 244,773, and the number of deaths to 692,907—364,547 males and 328,360 females.

THE Austrian statistician, Brachelli, reckons the total production of minerals in all the countries of Europe for 1874 to have been as follows:—Platinum, 1,025 kilograms; gold, 6,900 kilograms; silver, 300,000 kilograms; pig iron, 240,000,000 cwt.; copper, 600,000 cwt.; lead, 5,300,000 cwt.; zinc, 27 to 3,000,000 cwt.; coal, 4,376,000,000 cwt.; salt, 95,000,000 to 100,000,000 cwt.; manganese, 1,616,000 cwt.; antimony, 5,700 cwt.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**UNRIPE FRUIT.**—Mothers cannot watch their children too closely during the summer and autumn, to prevent them eating unripe fruit. The process of digestion is very rapid with children, and they almost incessantly crave food, especially fruits and sweets. Even ripe fruit must not be indulged in too freely. Many people are of the opinion that if children like a thing it must be good for them. This is a great mistake.

**AMAUROSIS PRODUCED BY TOBACCO.**—In his work on Ophthalmology, Dr. Mackenzie expresses his belief that tobacco is a frequent cause of amaurosis, and states that one of the best proofs of this being the case is the great improvement in vision—sometimes complete restoration—which ensues on the use of that narcotic being abandoned. This position of Mackenzie is confirmed by M. Michel, who classes the disease among the two forms of cerebral amaurosis but little known. One of these, observed in drinkers, he describes as symptomatic of delirium tremens; the other he regards as due to the use of tobacco, and believes that there are few persons who have smoked for a long period more than five drachms of tobacco per day without having their vision and frequently their memory enfeebled. Both these forms of disease, he says, are characterized by the absence of well marked symptoms of cerebral congestion.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE appointment of chaplain at Edinburgh Castle has been abolished.

BEFORE leaving Athens the King and Queen of Greece and the Prince of Wales were photographed in a group.

A MANUSCRIPT life of St. Brigit has been discovered lately, which is supposed to be of the tenth century. It is at present being examined by Dr. Reeves, the Dean of Armagh.

MR. JOHN BULLEN, M.A., writes stating that the proper mode of spelling the name of Henry VIII's second queen is Bullen, the English pronunciation of Bouillon. It is usually spelt Boleyn.

THE Prince of Wales will, during his stay in Bombay, present colours to the 21st Native Infantry, better known as the Marine Battalion, the oldest corps on the Bombay establishment, having been raised a century ago.

It is stated that His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will preside at the triennial banquet in connection with the Dover National Sailors' Home, which will be held at the "Lord Warden" Hotel in January next.

ON Tuesday the monument erected in Berlin to Baron von Stein was unveiled by the Crown Prince, as the representative of the Emperor. A Berlin correspondent, in his special telegram, describes the monument as one of the finest works of art in the city.

DEAN STANLEY lately promised to welcome a tablet of John Wesley in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Adams, the sculptor, at once made a cast. It contained not only John Wesley's portrait, but figures of every President of the Conference. It would have been ready shortly, but Mr. Adams has been commanded by the Prince of Wales to go with him to India, and the tablet must wait until he returns.

## CONTENTS.

HE LOVES ME: HE	Page	Page
LOVES ME NOT	49	70
WAYSIDE SERVICE	52	47
OLD RUFFORD'S		
MONEY, OR, WOE		
WITHOUT MERIT		
LOST WITHOUT DE-		
SEIVING	53	
EUPHID SECRETS	56	
SCIENCE	58	
WHITE ROSE CHIEF-		
TAIR	59	
THYRA DESMOND; OR,		
THE MAIDEN OF THE		
LAKE	61	
ALL FOR LOVE	64	
WONDERFUL MEMOIR	66	
IRENE BULLIETIER	66	
CROSS PEOPLE	66	
THE PHYSICIAN'S		
SECRET	67	
LAUGHTER	70	

FACE	Page	Page
COMING BACK	70	
G-H-S	71	
HOUSEHOLD TREAS-		
URE	71	
SURGE	71	
STATISTICS	71	
MISCELLANEOUS	71	
THYRA DESMOND; OR,		
THE MAIDEN OF THE		
LAKE	61	
OLD RUFFORD'S MONEY	61	
commanded in	637	
BURIED SECRETS, com-		
menced in	637	
HE LOVES ME: HE		
LOVES ME NOT, com-		
menced in	647	
WHITE ROSE CHIEF-		
TAIR, commenced in	653	

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. S.—They are not manufactured now.  
 LONE STAR.—Address a mercantile agency.  
 C. L.—Apply at lawyer's offices.  
 S. B. OPERATOR.—We know nothing of the concern.  
 A. H. Y.—Your writing admits of more freedom of capitals and practice in general.  
 SUBSCRIBER.—There is no such paper published at the address given, nor have we ever heard of it before.  
 J. A. B.—We do not permit our contemporaries to republish our copyrighted serials.  
 W. J.—The specimens are merely rock crystal, and have no value whatever.  
 STABLES.—We do not know the religious belief of either individual.  
 FLORET M.—We do not think a correspondence of one year, or even longer, would allow a lady to ask a gentleman for his likeness.  
 JUNE.—We do not know the person of whom you speak, and even if we did should not give you the information you desire as it is none of your business.  
 DICK.—The law forbidding masquerade balls is practically a dead letter, no attempt ever being made to enforce it.  
 W. C. B.—A teacher of vocal music will give you such advice as you require, after ascertaining the scope and quality of your voice.  
 A WIDOWER.—Your response to the lady's advertisement will be found on the third column of this page. We make no charge for its insertion.  
 EVERETT.—You are afflicted with rheumatism. Wear good flannel and cork soles in your boots. Warmth and cleanliness are the worst foes to the disease.  
 A READER.—Proper diet and exercise will do much toward removing the evil you complain of. Your writing requires more boldness and freedom for business purposes.  
 THOMAS.—The proper method is to advertise in an Australian paper, which can be done through an agent here. Some lessons would have a tendency to improve your writing.  
 J. B. de B.—Two gills of sherry wine, a handful of cracked ice, two slices of lemon, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a slice of pineapple, and a scraping of nutmeg; shake well together and imbibe through a straw.  
 LENA W. C.—Consult the advertising columns of daily papers or advertise for a situation such as you desire. If these fail, make a personal application at various millinery and dressmaking establishments.  
 LILLIAN.—The process referred to is very injurious to the complexion as well as to the health. Its introduction into this country was unsuccessful, and the business has been abandoned.  
 MOLLY.—There are eminent medical men in London who will advise you gratuitously upon the disease you complain of. Better to do so than pay the fee you mention to a non-certificated medical man.  
 D. P.—Now is the time for planting your Christmas tree and crocuses. Of these latter there is a kind which blooms in the autumn, and which should be planted in June or July. Those put in the ground in October or November bloom about February.  
 G. H. M.—There is no difference between a foot square and a square foot. Beyond that, however, there is a great difference, for instance—five square feet is a surface five feet long and one foot wide, while five feet square is twenty-five feet square on a surface measuring five feet on each of its four sides.  
 NAUGHTY BESS.—By an hour's study each day you could in a few months acquire a fair knowledge of the rules of grammar. 2. The rudiments of arithmetic are sufficient to enable you to act as a clerk in a retail shop, giving change being the only thing you are required to do.  
 A DEBILITATED MAIDEN.—No woman is without a protector who has received a good moral training and at the same time has a lively sense of what is due to her sex and herself personally, keeps the gentleman (?) at that distance which can only be measured by womanly scorn and that spirited resentment which even cowards must respect.  
 A FRIEND.—After having escorted a lady home from a party, if the hour was late, we think the gentleman should wait until some member of the house answered the bell, or at least until some sound was heard from within, to be sure the ring was heard. Some ladies are timid, and would suffer much from fear if left standing outside alone at night.  
 P. S.—We are not quite sure that we thoroughly understand the meaning of your communication, it is so oddly expressed. Under the circumstances we should say that the mother has the right to the custody of the child, and

can successfully resist your claim, provided she is not proved to be unfit to exercise that right. Perhaps an amicable arrangement might be arrived at by the employment of patients and a permission.  
 ANXIOUS B-A-D-E-R.—There are many valuable articles a gentleman may present to a young lady upon her going away to a boarding school—a writing desk, or portfolio, or an autograph album. Either of the above-mentioned articles would be quite appropriate. 3. If she be a friend or very intimate acquaintance there would be no impropriety in addressing her as "dear friend." 3. Orthography and composition good, handwriting can be improved by practice.  
 "LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS."—No signature is appended to the letter of our correspondent, but we judge our unknown friend to be a gentleman, and beg to thank him for expressing, in so gratifying a manner, his warm approval of our illustrated articles on the Language of Flowers. However, unforeseen circumstances—of too indefinite a nature to explain at this time—thrust upon us have necessitated the suspension of their publication.  
 ELIZA JANE.—Wormwood tea or a decoction of dandelion is an invaluable remedy in all affections of the skin. A wineglassful two or three times a day would prove very beneficial in removing pimples from the face, whether the spots are red or black. Sometimes it is advisable to use in addition a lotion, say of milk of sulphur and elderflower water. But, as is obvious, we cannot advise our correspondents in medical matters except in the most general terms; you had better apply to a chemist or a doctor.

## AN OPEN WINDOW.

I passed the window every day,  
 Nor thought to pay it marked attention,  
 For common things indeed are they,  
 And this was no unique invention.  
 There were no ponies deftly set  
 To win a glance of admiration;  
 No curtains in whose folds they met  
 Was caught an evanescent admiration.  
 The house was of the usual style,  
 A modest, unpretentious dwelling;  
 You wouldn't think it worth your while  
 To buy it, were the owner selling.  
 One morn' I passed in passive mood,  
 The streets were hot, the city lonely,  
 And in the summer solstice,  
 I heard my heart beat—and that only.  
 When all at once I turned my face,  
 And saw—as if 'twere in a vision—  
 So fair a creature that the place  
 Took on an atmosphere Elysian.  
 And, taken wholly by surprise,  
 Somewhere I am not very certain,  
 My heart did duty for my eyes,  
 And stole behind the window curtain.  
 I never pass the window now  
 In careless mood—I don't deny it;  
 My head is turned, I have to bow,  
 And smile as oft as I go by it.  
 Yes, there's the house; 'tis in that row,  
 We'll find the window open, maybe;  
 You think her plain? Don't say it though,  
 For she's my wife, and that's my baby!

J. P.

B.—1. One may learn to play on the guitar with little difficulty, but the hard demands much more attention and perseverance on the part of those who would become good performers. From the advertisements in the newspapers, directories, or such like sources, you might obtain the information you require respecting competent teachers. Our practice is to refrain from advising in such matters, as any selection of ours might be injurious. 2. Your husband's case, in your own words, "tolerably good." We cannot bestow higher praise.  
 G. E.—There is no doubt that many a man has been driven to ruin by a bad wife, as you say, nor is there any doubt that many a woman has been driven to ruin by a bad husband. Your argument that wives should do all they can to keep their husbands in the right path and to keep them from getting discouraged is a very good one, but it will apply with equal force to husbands. The fact is, the keeping of the domestic hearth bright and cheerful must be a matter of mutual concern and effort on the part of both husband and wife, or else it cannot be done at all.  
 BURTON.—There is an authentic history of St. George and the Dragon. Some suppose it to be the type of St. Athanasius, whom George of Cappadocia overthrew. St. George, a Christian bishop and martyr, lived in the beginning of the fourth century. He was, says Gibbon, established as a saint of the first order in the sixth century and was about that time adopted as the patron saint of England, and the romantic legend that he had in Libya slain a dreadful monster to save a beautiful maiden from death was depicted on his banners and emblems. His cross was plain red on a white shield. It is worn on the cap of our soldiers, and is still on the collar of our Grenadier Guards. It forms also our red ensign and the chief member of the Union Jack. When the Order of the Garter was instituted in the year 1333, "George of Merry England" became the cognizance or jewel of it.  
 "His George and Garter dangling from the bed,  
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red."  
 F. F. by—Bertha, nineteen, considered handsome and domesticated.  
 CORDELLA and BERNICE wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. Cordella is nineteen, short, dark hair and eyes and has good prospects. Bernice is seventeen, 5ft. 4in., dark hair, blue eyes and has good prospects.  
 F. G. P.—seventeen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a good looking young man.  
 NELLY and POLLY wish to correspond with two gentlemen, friends preferred. Nelly is twenty, tall, dark brown hair and eyes. Polly is nineteen, medium height, brown hair and eyes and fond of dancing.  
 H. V., a corporal in the Army Service Corps, would

like to correspond with a young lady, who must not be tall and must have light hair: a tradesman's assistant preferred.

T. E., twenty-one, medium height, dark hair and eyes, would make a good wife, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man.  
 H. E., twenty, light complexion, rather tall, has good prospects, wishes to correspond with a good looking young lady; a dressmaker preferred.

OSWISS, thirty-six, a widower, in a good situation as foreman of a first-class business, in receipt of good salary and has a comfortable home, wishes to correspond with a thoroughly domesticated person about his own age with a view to matrimony.

BEATRICE E., twenty-three, medium height, dark hair and eyes, very lively and domesticated, would like to correspond with a respectable young gentleman, who is fond of home, good tempered and loving.

B. W., seventeen, tall, fair and rather good looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady about sixteen or seventeen, respectably connected; must be fair and good looking.

O. H. C. and H. M. C., two young men of prepossessing appearance and holding appointments in Her Majesty's Dragoon Guards, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony; they must be good looking and thoroughly accomplished; money no object, as they are both in possession of incomes.

F. M. G., a seaman gunner in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a young lady between twenty and twenty-one; one with a good income preferred.

T. B., a captain of the hold in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a young lady between twenty-five and thirty; respondent must be fond of singing and dancing; an Irish girl preferred.

W. C., a young seaman, holding the responsible position of captain of the hold in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a pretty young girl from the country, who must be tall and fair, between nineteen and twenty, and have a little money at command.

J. A. and J. F. E. M., wish to correspond with two young ladies about eighteen or twenty with a view to matrimony; they must be of medium height, good looking, loving and thoroughly domesticated. J. A. is twenty-two, medium height, brown hair, loving and highly connected. J. F. E. M. is twenty, 5ft. 4in., dark hair and complexion, loving and with good prospects in view.

GEORGE, twenty-six, dark hair and eyes, 5ft. 6in., by trade a joiner, but at present holding a situation as a draughtsman, would like to correspond with a young lady or widow between the age of twenty or thirty, of respectable family, with a small income to assist in making a comfortable home; if she has a good house of furniture it would be better.

WILLIAM, twenty-two, 5ft. 5in., good looking, rather fair, by profession a dentist's assistant, in receipt of 50s per week, but in time intends to have a practice of his own, would like to correspond with a nice-looking young lady of good family with a view to matrimony.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

MARGARET K. is responded to by—G. W., a steady mechanic.

M. K. by—Loving Annie, medium height, fair and considered good looking, thoroughly domesticated and thinks she is all M. K. requires.

FANNY by—Godfrey, loving, domesticated and considered not bad looking.

WILLIE M. by—Edna, twenty-one, medium height, loving disposition and fond of home.

MAURICE by—Percy, twenty-five, 5ft. 5in., fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, good tempered and steady.

G. F. by—Thomas B., thirty-seven, medium height, fair and in tolerable circumstances, but who feels very lonely and longs for a friend of his own with a loving and true partner.

MARGARET by—A. B., thirty-five, in receipt of good salary as draughtsman in a manufacturing business and has a comfortable home.

A. B. by—E. S., medium height, dark, cheerful, with a very warm, loving disposition, admired generally for her ladylike appearance and kind, agreeable manners; and by—A. H. Y.

LUCY by—N. E. D., nineteen, medium height, stout, considered good looking, well connected and in a good situation.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS, PARTS and VOLUMES of the "LONDON READER" are in print and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand; or will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom Post-free for Three-halfpence, Eightpence, and Five Shillings and Eightpence each.

THE LONDON READER, Post-free, Three-halfpence Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence. LITERARY AND FASHION, Vols. 1 and 2, Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

Now Ready Vol. XXV. of THE LONDON READER, Price 4s. 6d. Also, the TITLE and INDEX to Vol. XXV., Price One Penny.

NOTICE.—Part 151 (November), Now Ready, Price Sixpence, post-free Eightpence.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 334, Strand, W.C.

††† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London Published for the Proprietor, at 334, Strand by G. A. SMITH.